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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXXV No. 2420 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JUNE 8 1946

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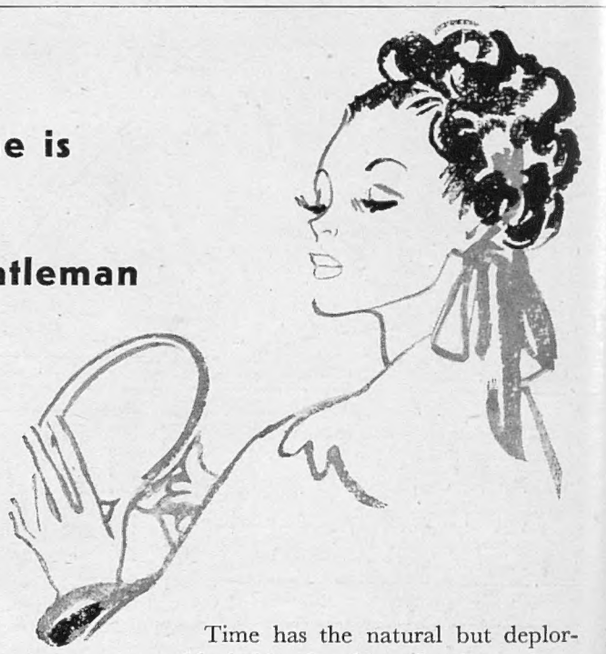

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Volume CLXXXV No. 2420 The SPHERE, London, June 8, 1946

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE MARCH-PAST OF THE TANKS—DURING THE VICTORY DAY REHEARSAL ON SUNDAY LAST: The scene at the saluting-base in the Mall as the guns dipped in salute in front of the royal stand

Londoners had a realistic foretaste of the Victory celebrations last Sunday morning when, despite the showers and a distinct nip in the air, many of them gathered to watch the 6 a.m. rehearsal by the mechanised column taking part in this Saturday's Victory Parade. The noise of the tanks and self-propelled howitzers, which took thirty-five minutes to rumble past, brought many people from their beds, and along the route families gathered at bedroom windows or stood on their doorsteps to watch the column roll by. The Mall, focal-point of all the celebrations, was well-lined with spectators, despite the earliness of the hour, and many delighted children watched from the stand at the saluting-base, where Lieut.-General Sir Henry Loyd, G.O.C. London District, took the salute. As the tanks passed they swung their turrets and depressed their gun barrels in salute. The crowds gave special cheers for the airborne troops, a woman porter riding in a railway delivery van, bomb-disposal men and Civil Defence veterans of the blitz

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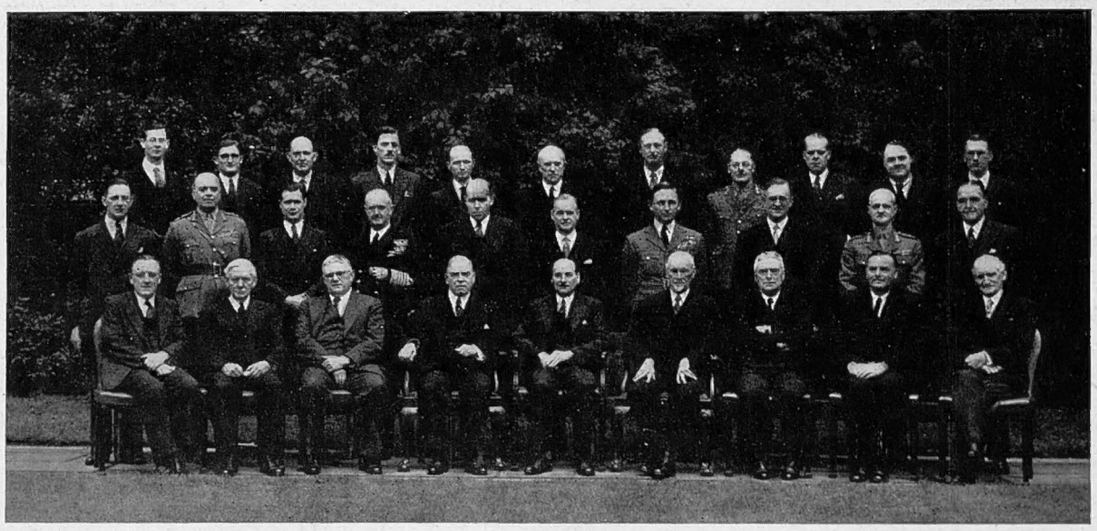
A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1

Two Mays.—We have just enjoyed another victory celebration. In May 1945 we rejoiced. The 8th was V.E.-Day. On the 13th I wore uniform for the last time and gave thanks to God who gave us the victory. And at that service in our village church I fancy my neighbours, like myself, gave rein to modest hopes, and dreamed of the glories of May and the summer of 1946, when much of the misery and curse of the long war would be themselves a dream and we should once more be truly at peace and on the right road to reconstruction and sanity. And now May 1946 is over, and even those whose Mays are strictly numbered can hardly regret its passing. Politically, socially, meteorologically, it offered few attractions. Indeed, it was about as dismal as a mid-war November. We still exist like Robinson Crusoes, fettered to our particular Juan Fernandez islands, wherever they may be. The means to escape are still restricted as in 1943. Our friends cannot visit us nor can we visit them. We still rely on "what is within us" for our consolation and philosophy. We fall back still on the wireless as we gather beside the green-wood fire. And every night we are offered a catalogue of disasters and obstructions to peace and sanity, of revolts, quarrels, riots, strikes, misunderstandings and miseries so complete, so constant and so black as to induce a *fou rire* and a sense of disillusionment which is almost light-hearted. What *is* there for comfort? Upon my soul, it is hard to find. I tell myself that June can hardly be worse, must be rather better. I snatch at straws. At any rate, at the moment no bombs are falling on England. Tommy Handley keeps up his form and once a week affords me a quarter-hour of hearty laughter. And village cricket is starting up again—a notable pointer. For the rest —"you can 'ave" our peacetime summer—to date.

Molotov.—The voice of Stalin is seldom heard; has been curiously silent ever since his recuperation visit to the Crimea long ago. Molotov is to-day the voice of Russia at the Conference Table and on even more public occasions. And always that voice seems to us to be obstructive, suspicious, bitter and aggressive against the Democracies. We feel that his suspicions of the intentions and policies of Britain and America don't make sense, are crudely and childishly unsubstantial, are petulant as the utterances of a naughty schoolboy. But it's no use cursing Molotov. It is impossible to liquidate Molotov with a Molotov cocktail. Molotov is there, talking, objecting, obstructing our "democratic" ideas of an effective settlement. Molotov is on the map. And he is not merely a tiresome schoolboy. He is a statesman of a great and powerful nation which, unfortunately, is in a totally different stage of political development to our own. But so also in a lesser degree is America. If some of the criticisms levelled at Britain and British motives by responsible Americans are analysed coolly, we cannot escape the conclusion that a powerful and educated proportion of the citizens of each of the Big Three allies are in different stages of political development, largely ignorant of the way in which the institutions of their great Allies work, and easily victimised by heady pronouncements and unofficial commentary in Press and Parliaments and on public platforms. In short, the curse of Babel has fallen on the world, following the curse of war, as it always does. And there is nothing we can do about it but to drive on, trying to act honourably, decently, unselfishly and wisely, and relying on the effect of more patience and rather shrewder publicity.



FRAMING OUR IMPERIAL POLICY—THE STATESMEN OF THE COMMONWEALTH MUSTER: A notable gathering in the grounds of No. 10, Downing Street, taken during the recent consultations. A group including the Prime Ministers of Great Britain, Canada and South Africa, and the chief representatives of Australia and New Zealand. Front row, left to right: The Rt. Hon. J. A. Beasley, High Commissioner for Australia; the Rt. Hon. Viscount Addison, Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs; the Rt. Hon. H. V. Evatt, Australian Minister for External Affairs; the Rt. Hon. W. Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada; the Rt. Hon. C. R. Attlee, Prime Minister of the United Kingdom; Field-Marshal J. C. Smuts, Prime Minister of South Africa; the Rt. Hon. W. Nash, Deputy Prime Minister of New Zealand; the Rt. Hon. J. Wilmot, Minister of Supply; and the Rt. Hon. G. Heaton-Nicholls, High Commissioner for South Africa. **Second row,** left to right: Mr. F. Shanahan, Secretary to the New Zealand Cabinet; General Sir Hastings Ismay, Office of Minister of Defence; Dr. W. J. Burton, Australian Department for External Affairs; Admiral of the Fleet Viscount Cunningham of Hyndhope, First Sea Lord; Mr. N. A. Robertson, Under-Secretary for External Affairs, Canada; Mr. A. Henderson, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for India; Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Tedder, Chief of the Air Staff; Sir Eric Machtig, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Dominions; Lieut.-General F. E. W. Simpson, Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff; Mr. D. D. Forsyth, Secretary for External Affairs, South Africa. **Third row,** left to right: The Rt. Hon. F. E. Cumming Bruce, Mr. F. H. Corner, Mr. R. Jones, Mr. C. G. Eastwood, Dr. J. Gibson, Sir John Stephenson, Sir Norman Brook, General Sir Leslie Hollis, Mr. J. D. L. Hood, Mr. F. Williams and Mr. J. W. Holmes

THE VICTORY NUMBER OF "THE SPHERE": A reproduction of the front cover, which will be in full colour, of our issue of June 15. The Victory Number will provide a fully-illustrated record of the events of Victory Day from the march-past in the morning to the brilliantly-illuminated River Pageant taking place at night

Strikes Against the Government.—A visitor from Mars, while still immune from the fever which to-day has struck down all inhabitants of Earth, would find many stimulating features for his ridicule and might coolly and confidently deliver some wisecracks at his first Press conference. "Fools," he would say; "can't they realise that in overcrowded, war-ravaged, highly industrialised communities the cost of food and living will rise in exact ratio with the rise in wages." And again: "Fools. Don't these allies realise that, when each ally is in a different stage of political 'culture,' agreement on any fundamental policy towards world peace is impossible." These and many another sweeping pronouncement the man from Mars might be forgiven. At least he could show some excuses for his omniscience. And here is one item which seems to hit the bull's-eyes of both the quoted generalisations with one bullet: Mr. Truman's proposed measure to deal hereafter with *strikes against the community*! *We* tried that twenty years ago! You know the rest of that story.

Socialist Paradise.—Transport costs on the railways will cost the public much more. This unpleasant fact was announced on the day on which M.P.s voted themselves £1,000-a-year salaries. Unquestionably, an increase in fares and freights is justified actuarially, if the Government is to start nationalisation of a system not pre-doomed to insolvency. But what proof—if proof were needed—is here revealed of the fallacies and moonshine of two at least of Socialism's easy doctrines: "Nationalisation implies cheaper public services." "The rise in the wages of the workers does not connote a corresponding rise in the cost of living." Users of the railways will now be compelled to pay £30,000,000 more annually for travel and freight, and the effect of that increase on the vital revival of industry is not difficult to see. Nationalisation of the railways comes in with a vast increase in costs to the public. And every day, in every way, we have dismal proof of the rise in the cost of living, from transport and fuel to clothes and food.

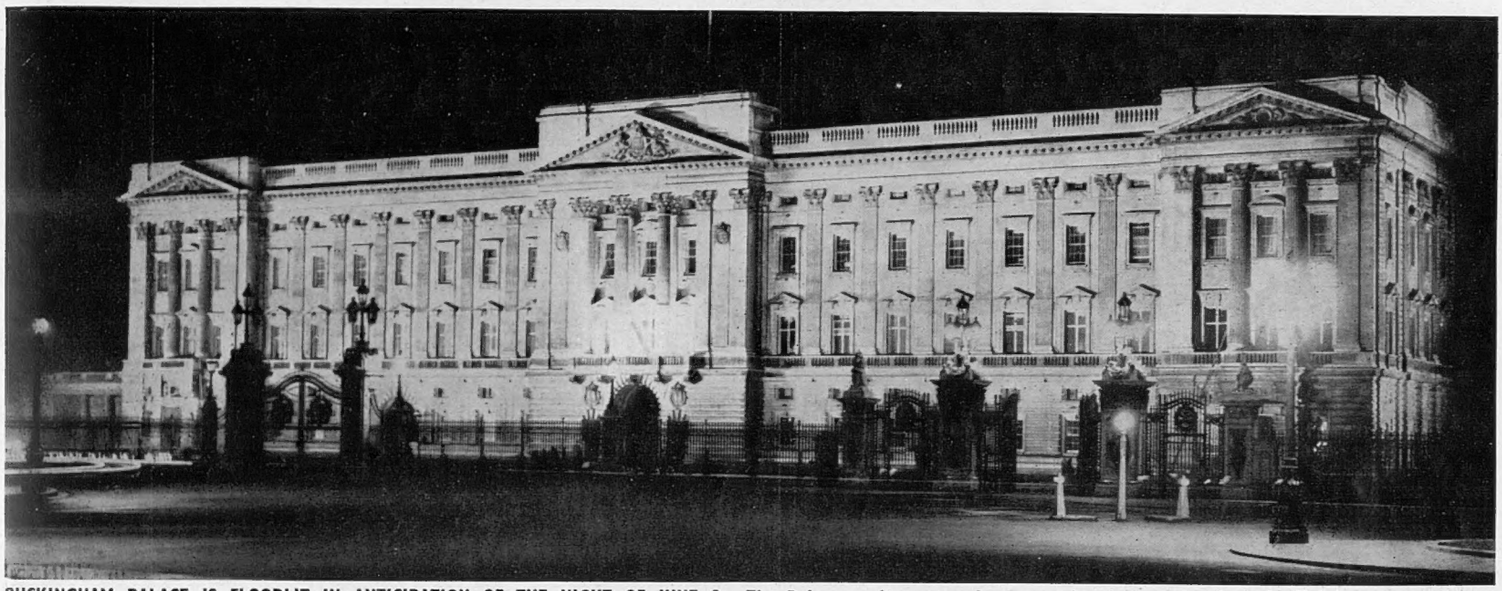
The Iron Curtain.—Perhaps the food debate drew Mr. Attlee's iron curtain an inch or so upward. I confess that my brief view of the 'ooves of the 'osses did not make all things plain. We all know now, vaguely, that the world food situation is another Dunkirk in its degree of crisis for Britain, as for the starvation countries of civilisation, and that it behoves us all to make Dunkirk efforts and sacrifices, once more and perhaps for years to come. It may be that this debate will teach the Socialist Ministers a lesson in Government: the nearer an issue of the day affects the stomach of the citizen, the more is the need to win the citizen to co-operation by taking him into your confidence and telling him the truth, however ugly. That was Woolton's method, and it paid. But what they will not endure patiently is an iron curtain between their larders and the sources supplying them. They insist on knowing exactly why the cupboard, which has been bare so long, must remain without a bone for years to come. And the new Food Minister has promised to take us into his confidence and has started off with some sombre jeremiads as an earnest of his policy.

Tremendous Trifle.—Heaven knows there are world-shaking events enough every day to supply a commentator on the world's news. But so rapidly do the situations these events create change, so ephemeral are the crises, so swiftly are they obscured by new thunder-clouds, that he must be an early bird indeed to catch the morning's worm before it disappears. In the search for permanence, I found something of the sort (and very encouraging) off the main roads, on the village greens. I cannot describe the delight and intense surprise I feel in finding that all over Sussex (and doubtless elsewhere) village cricket has already had a vigorous post-war come-back. And not among the old fossils only; young men are in the movement, too. In that fact lies the significance. I was all too sure that post-war youth would not afford the time which this golden, leisurely game requires. Whether the "perpetual motion" impetus is spent, whether Youth has had a bellyful of "going places," *whatever the cause*, the miracle is here to see and enjoy. The village greens are bordered with spectators, there are bats and pads and flannels in plenty; parson and even squire (old style) sit by on shooting-sticks, and recall ancient triumphs in the Oxford Parks or touring with the "Foresters"; and, as the shadows from the elms lengthen, the score rises slowly, the wickets fall, and the well-loved sounds—Old England's leisurely heart-beats—echo along the green vale under the Downs. It is well with the child—and the mother. Whatever may be the pulse-beats of fevered Europe, it looks as if old England is getting her blood-pressure down to normal.

THE OLD STAGER

THE TANKS AND THE MOBILE GUNS MAKE AN EARLY-MORNING START: The mechanised column passing down the Mall towards the Victoria Memorial and Buckingham Palace during the rehearsal held at 6 a.m. last Sunday morning. Despite the earliness of the hour, quite large crowds turned out for the occasion, many of them no doubt holding the belief that it was better to attend the dress-rehearsal than tackle the crowds on June 8

REHEARSAL FOR THE GREAT DAY



BUCKINGHAM PALACE IS FLOODLIT IN ANTICIPATION OF THE NIGHT OF JUNE 8: The Palace as it appeared one evening last week when the lighting arrangements were officially tested. St. James's Palace, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower of London, the Mansion House, the War Office and County Hall are also among the buildings which are being floodlit

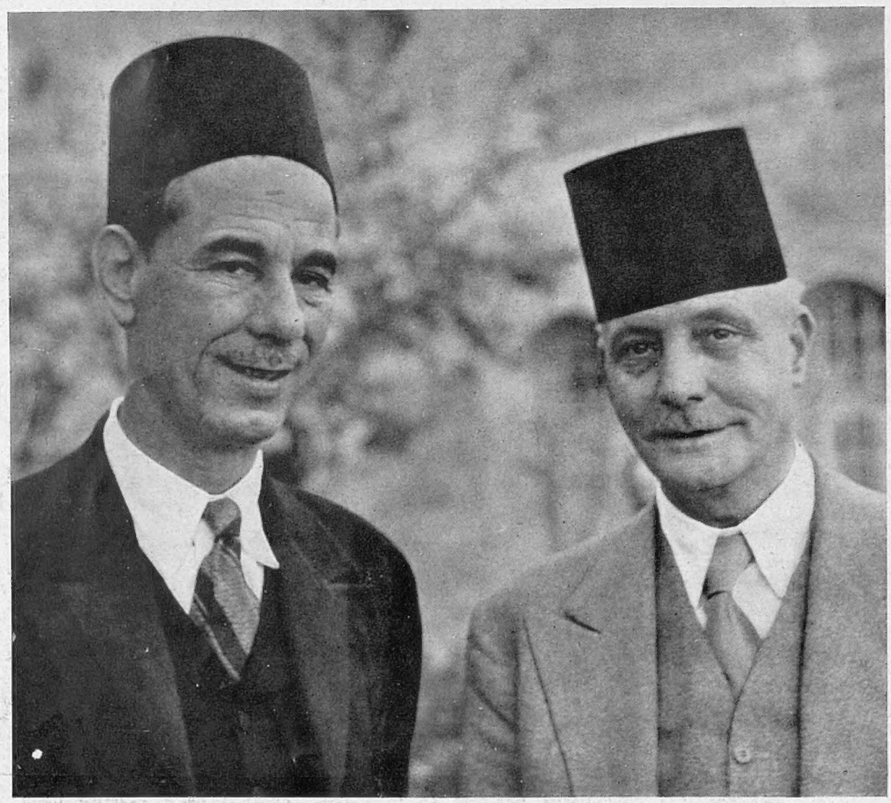
PREPARING FOR THE V-DAY FLY-PAST: Machines of No. 35 Squadron of Lancasters, the only heavy bombers to take part, engaged in a practice flight in readiness for June 8, when they fly past together with thirty-two other R.A.F. units, travelling at a height of 500 ft. above the Mall and dipping in salute as they pass the saluting-base, halfway between the Admiralty Arch and Buckingham Palace. The fly-past will take place from 12.50 p.m. to 1.10 p.m., squadron succeeding squadron at intervals of twenty seconds. To co-ordinate this great aerial procession, with so many machines with differing speeds, is no mean feat. As aids to navigation, sodium lights have been installed on police and railway stations at mile intervals from Fairlop to Admiralty Arch

MEMBERS OF THE CABINET OF THE NEW HASHIMITE KINGDOM OF TRANSJORDAN MEET FOR THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THEIR COUNTRY'S INDEPENDENCE: The picturesquely-clad leaders of the Arab land which has now achieved sovereign status and which recently proclaimed its first monarch, the Emir Abdullah Abu el-Hussein, in a series of ceremonies in the capital city of Amman. Up to now Transjordan has been administered under the Palestine Mandate, and the achievement of independence is the culmination of twenty-five years of British guidance, during which this mountainous semi-desert area has been transformed from a place of lawlessness to one of the most contented countries in the Middle East

TRANSJORDAN PROCLAIMS ITS FIRST KING

And a New Arab State Comes Into Being in the Middle East

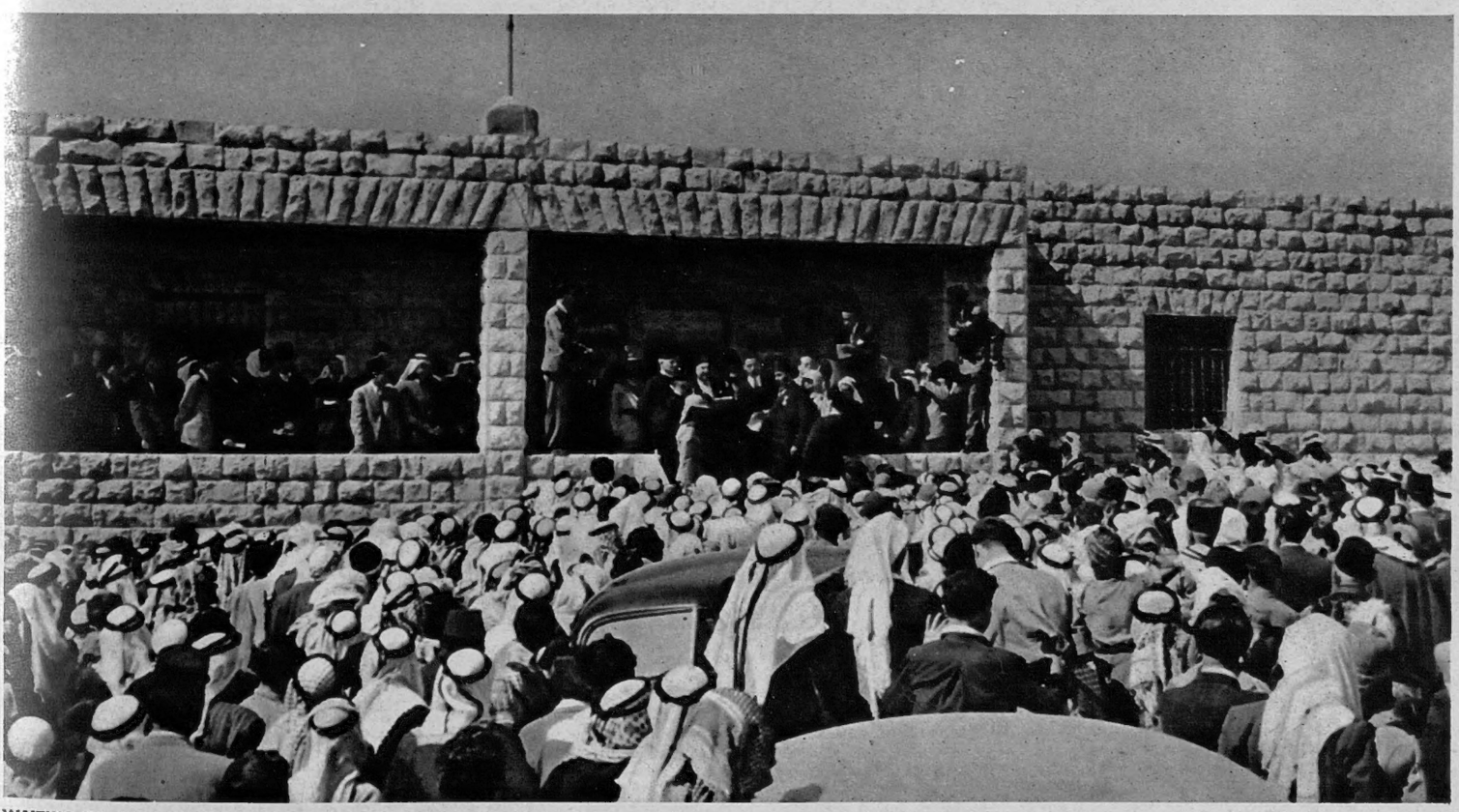
Transjordan, the modern Arab State, which roughly corresponds to the area of the old Seljuk Kingdom of Kerak and the Lordship of Montreal, assumed at the end of May full independence as a Hashimite kingdom, and there were scenes of popular ceremonial in the capital city of Amman on the occasion of the proclamation. At the same time, the Emir Abdullah, who has governed for so long under British guidance, assumed the throne, the occasion being marked by a series of ceremonies at the Palace and in Parliament, which were attended by Arab leaders from many parts of the Middle East. Later in the morning there was a parade of the Arab Legion, the gendarmerie and defence force of Transjordan, at the Maka Airfield, and the King took the salute during the impressive march-past of Brigadier Glubb's disciplined units. After the parade the Arab Legion gave a dinner which the King attended, and during the afternoon the Legion marched through the city's gaily-beflagged streets, playing patriotic Arab songs



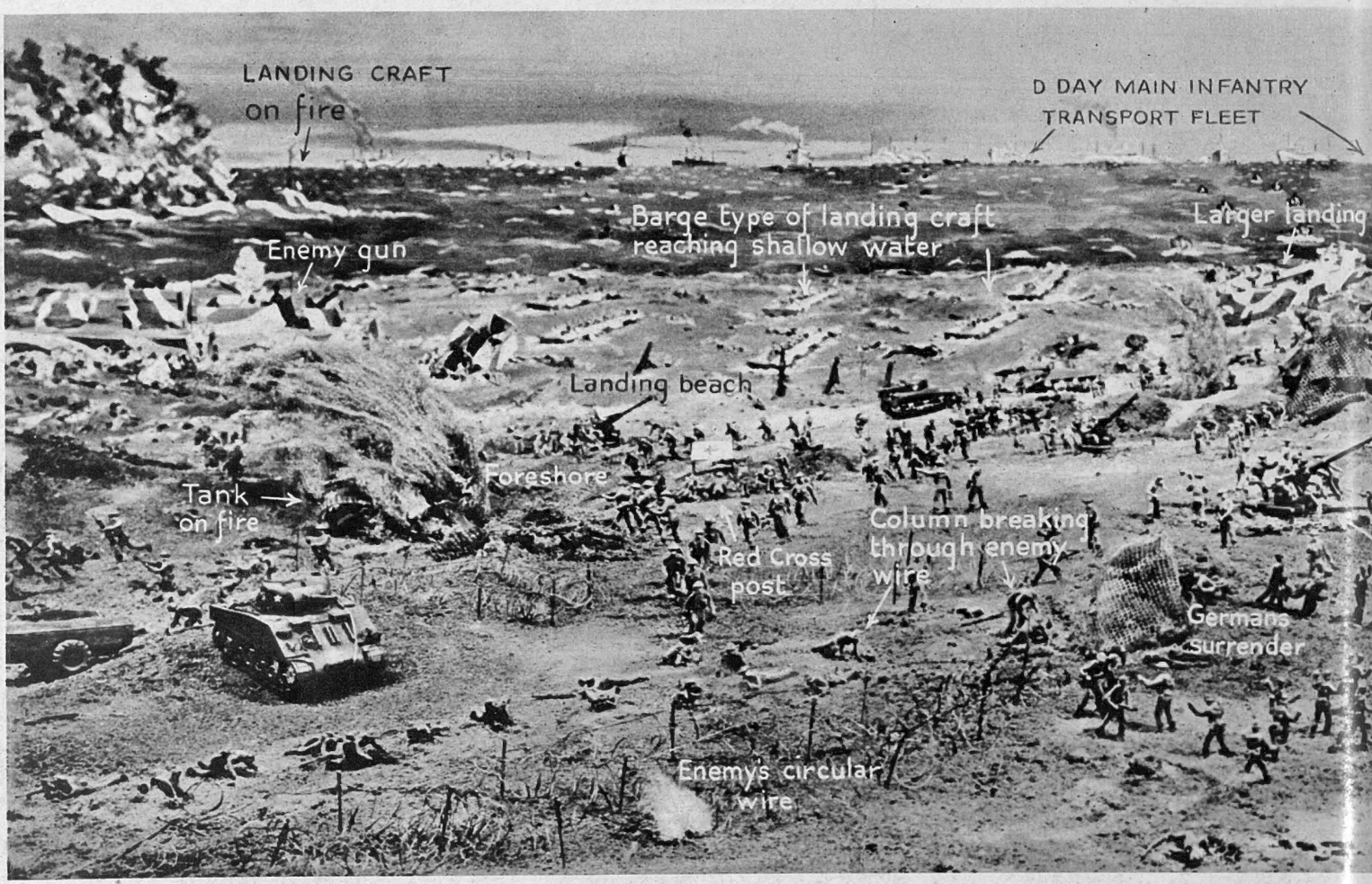
LEADERS OF ARAB THOUGHT AND ACTION IN THE MIDDLE EAST: Abdul Rahman Azzam Pasha, the influential Secretary-General of the Arab League, and Ibrahim Pasha Hashim, the Prime Minister of Transjordan, seen together during the ceremonies in Amman, at which the new Hashimite kingdom was proclaimed. Many Arab leaders from neighbouring countries assembled in the capital for the occasion, and there were scenes of brilliant ceremonial

THE MAN WHO HAS HELPED TO SET UP A REIGN OF LAW AND ORDER IN THE NEW KINGDOM: Brigadier J. B. Glubb Pasha, the leader of the Arab Legion, Transjordan's defence force and gendarmerie, was a colourful figure at the recent ceremonies in Amman. Brigadier Glubb, who particularly dislikes being called a second Lawrence of Arabia, has had an adventurous career, and during the war raised a mechanised army of Beduins 60,000 strong. The Nazis feared his influence with the Arabs, and they made very considerable publicity of the rumour that he had been killed in a desert action in 1941

THE NEW MONARCH TAKES THE SALUTE AT THE PARADE OF THE ARAB LEGION AT MAKA AERODROME: One of the highlights of the day of rejoicing in Amman following the proclamation of the independent kingdom of Transjordan. Emir Abdullah Abu el-Hussein (left) standing at the saluting base accompanied by Emir Abdullah Illah, Regent of Iraq, and the Emir Abdullah's younger son, the Emir Naif (right). The Emir Abdullah stood for an hour amid the dust and the burning rays of the desert sun to take the salute as foot, horse, camel and mechanised units, which he had previously inspected, passed before him in ceremonial order



WAITING TO HEAR THE PROCLAMATION OF THE NEW KINGDOM: Citizens of Amman gathered outside the Parliament building to acclaim the official announcement of Transjordan's attainment of independent status. Amman to-day possesses a population of 43,000, and impresses the visitor with its modern buildings and its well-laid-out streets, whereas twenty-five years ago it had scarcely more than 2,000 inhabitants and was a backward town in a distinctly primitive land



THE BEGINNING OF THE LIBERATION OF EUROPE—A DIORAMA AT THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE MUSEUM ILLUSTRATING THE D-DAY LANDINGS IN NORMANDY: The operation which Mr. Churchill has described as "the greatest adventure in history." The diorama, which is wonderfully intricate in detail, shows the scene on the left flank of the British sectors shortly after dawn on June 6. The spectator looks to seaward and northward from a point west of the Orne River, and away out to sea is the vast armada which is swiftly landing fresh troops, armour and supplies to build up the position that is already being established on the beaches and beyond. The diorama has been presented to the Royal United Service Museum by Mr. Otto Gottstein, and it is now exhibited together with similar models dealing with other famous incidents in British military history, including Hastings, Marston Moor, Blenheim and Plassey

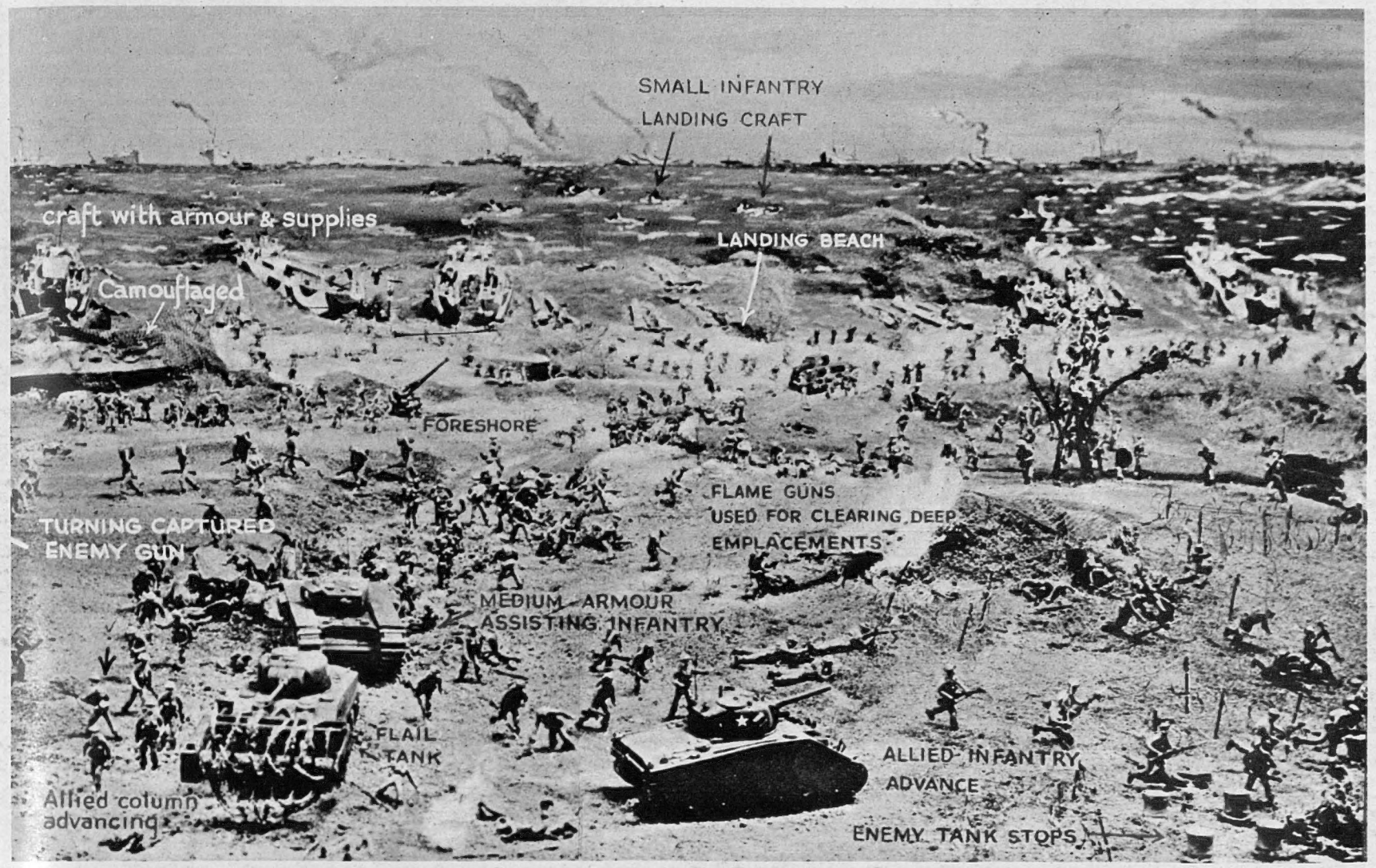
"THE GREATEST ADVENTURE IN HISTORY"

The Royal United Service Museum Exhibits a Diorama of the "D" Day Landings in Normandy

THE INTRICATE DETAIL OF THE DIORAMA: A close-up of one section of the model showing the D-Day landings in Normandy, evidencing the minute care with which the whole subject has been treated. On the left an Allied assault party is seen advancing on a bombed cottage, and from an upper window a German sniper still takes his toll. A battered picture of the Führer hangs in the living-room. At the table a German infantryman lies dead

On the night of June 3-4, 1940, the last of the Allied troops were embarked from Dunkirk, leaving Europe in the clutches of Nazi power; and just four years later many of those same troops, together with their American comrades, landed in Normandy to begin the task of liberation and of finally encompassing Germany's defeat. The story of those first moments of invasion is depicted with much skill in the new diorama presented by Mr. Otto Gottstein to the Royal United Service Museum, thus completing the Museum's collection of models under the heading "The King's Armies and Their Arms." Although naval gun-fire had plastered the foreshore before the first landings on June 6, the enemy were still in possession of concealed pillboxes, and they took a heavy toll as the leading units came into the attack, exerting a withering cross-fire. The first landing parties were followed by the Royal Engineers, who did splendid support work, and, as the fight proceeded in front, armour and supplies continued to pour on to the beaches from landing-craft which had to struggle ashore through mountainous seas. It is not intended that the diorama should present an exact picture of what occurred at any given moment, but it provides an excellent impression of the nature of the terrain, of the fighting, and also of the weapons involved.

AS THE BRITISH TROOPS PLUNGED ASHORE: Another section of the diorama showing an aerial battle going on overhead while our men go into the assault against strong-points



TWO YEARS AGO THIS WEEK—THE BUILD-UP ON THE BEACHES OF NORMANDY: This diorama is intended to show the first minutes of the European invasion when British troops were pouring ashore from the landing-craft and overwhelming the initial German opposition. The 40-mm. gun in the foreground is German, and at this juncture it has been manned by British troops, while other men push on in company with the tanks, foremost among which is a flail tank

IN BATTLE-DEVASTATED CAEN—A STREET SCENE IN THE OLD NORMAN TOWN ON THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE ALLIED INVASION OF "FORTRESS EUROPE": **Life is still far from normal. Great piles of rubble are to be seen everywhere, and the shattered roofs of bombed buildings remain unrepaired. Numerous small shops have opened and street stalls abound**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

It was a tragedy that Caen, one of the fairest towns in all Northern France, with its fine belfries and nobly gabled houses, should have stood so directly in the line of Allied invasion, and to revisit the town in 1946, two years after those Normandy landings, is to gaze upon a scene of continuing desolation. The town, which suffered both from bombs and the bombardment of naval guns, has admittedly been tidied up, and the rubble is being assembled into great piles; but the work is necessarily slow, as bricks, needed for new building, are dealt with one by one, and no wholesale clearance is being attempted. Shops have been reopened in Caen, with cafés and hairdressers in abundance, and there are many street stalls

A LITTLE PATCH OF DREAMLAND

Eire as a Retreat in Revolutionary Times, Offering the Well-Found Ease of More Spacious Days

By FERDINAND TUOHY

DUBLIN is beginning to take stock of the new social and economic and, to a lesser extent, political and cultural trends that seem likely to develop as a result of Eire's reinforced magnetic attraction upon the English, in particular, but also on the Americans and some others—as in the Latin lands of both hemispheres.

The examination—or, rather, my examination—falls sharply into two divisions—the tourist and the settler. Their presence may have a mingling effect, yet they are two different propositions. The tourist is the simpler, the settler the more interesting.

"Is it the Tourist Board or the steak that 's attracting the visitors ? " asks *Dublin Opinion*. This summer it will be emphatically the steak, and, while on the subject, I would add these other best bets for what are termed "the cross-Channel visitors " :—

The Irish Theatre at half-a-crown (even if it be on the toboggan, as alleged) ; newspapers and magazines that have the mood and space to tell the life of a country other than in terms of war and wrangling ; a man's strength in Whisky at a shilling, and a dream of Sherry or Port at ten or twelve shillings a bottle ; meringues, cream-cakes and ices such as are only a memory to Englishwomen ; smoked salmon and Dublin Bay prawns for a relative bagatelle ; the discovery that Irish livestock produce offal, unlike their English counterparts ; eggs in all their manifestations ; cigarettes and cheap little cigars in plenty.

Nor does one have to genuflect, figuratively speaking, to get these things. The smiling friendliness has not been exaggerated. Irish manners, or eyes, seem to say : " We 're a lucky little isle. You 've had a hard time. Come and enjoy yourselves." Dublin manners survive in the longest queues I 've seen, for buses, trams and cinemas in severely restricted transport days and overcrowded city ones. But that 's all the queueing, and as for Dublin's traffic "jams," they are jokes. Perhaps the best bets of all for jarred nerves are the quiet of the streets and the apparent freedom to do as you wish when you wish.

You can stroll about Dublin's West End without being honked at, elbowed, or mentally cursed—and if I overstate the freedom, there is much more than a drink in your being able to drop in for one in mid-afternoon. You feel, in Dublin, as if the moral improvers had gotten off your back.

The Irish anticipate having to put up with some disagreeable customers who, expecting to get everything with pound notes in a country "that kept out of the war," will vulgarly assert themselves when impeded in their foraging in a land having considerable respect for law and order and little black marketing beyond the whispered "Coupons, sir ? " of corner-boys. The proffered coupons are for clothes chiefly, Irish tweeds, but I draw impending visitors' attention to the experience of one Nathaniel Gubbins, who had to yield up Irish braces to the Dunlaoghaine Customs on the return journey ; likewise to the annihilating list of what you may not take out of Eire, posted on the landing quay.

Close attention appeared to show that the only things one can legally take out are jennets and mules. Even "goat's flesh and offal of goats in any condition whatsoever" may not be taken to England. Even when we catch up with our own exports—such as chocolate—we can't take them back. The most surprising prohibitions, however, are of eggs and ham, since Eire is patently abulge with both.

Butter, sugar and tea are rationed right down, and bread has shrunk, in public, to thin Victorian slices, to help the world shortage. What will surprise English visitors still more, is the dearness of the famous food. Meat, butter, fish, vegetables, are all dearer than our uncontrolled prices used to be, I should say, notably dearer, while fish and vegetables are scarcer, too. I write of Dublin. As usual, it 's different in the countryside—and a good thing that it is, for I see that of Eire's 3,000,000 population, only 190,000 get over £3 a week.

Yet with all the inequalities of class, Irishmen on their own various self-constituted levels get on much more easily and naturally with one another than people in lands where the urge is towards fusion into one class only. The Irish have something of an X-ray penetration which relieves them of over-envying others.

So much for "the cross-Channel visitors" who must expect a dear country even by our standards, and not think they are being imposed upon by a people of marked honesty born of self-respect. Visitors must also expect to be asked to share rooms, of which there are only 50,000 for holiday-makers, Irish and foreign, in the entire country. The Tourist Board is converting at speed mansions and even castles—like Ballinahinch Castle, just opened with 2,000 acres for guests—but 1947 will be the first year of reasonable beddage and un-bottlenecked transportation.

For the Board does not view the current attraction of Eire as a flash in the pan until the Continent is ready again. American air transport will bring a permanent, new type of spending tourist, and Pan-American Airways is at the moment doing a Technicolor film of Eire as it really is, as distinct from stage caricatures. It is reckoned that the chronic overcrowding of English resorts, when 16,000,000 get holidays with pay, will mean a lasting summer exodus to spacious, close-at-hand, good-feeding, same-language Eire. Thirdly, Premier de Valera's policy is for close links with France, Belgium, Italy, Spain and Portugal, which, with Latin-America, should swell the tourist tide.

The people of Eire must eventually be affected by the presence of foreigners more restless and more exacting than themselves. Already there 's a brand of pre-view in Neon-lit, incipiently Broadwayesque O'Connell Street, and in dancing and supping Dublin, especially since the entertainment tax has gone. Will Eire's great charm, her absence of rush and maintenance of old things, slowly depart ? Will she "snap out of it" and line up in the tap-dance of young, progressive nations ? That 's hard to say, because there 's a counterbalancing factor in the steady departure of young Irish men and women—200,000 in fourteen years.

If Socialism endures in the United Kingdom, so economically dependent an entity as Eire cannot fail to be drawn into a closer bond than the present mysterious one. *If* Britain pronounces for partition in India, renounces conquest there and in Egypt, may not a new mood over Ulster be in the womb of Whitehall ? The query is a suitable reminder to Count de la Bedoyère, a London religious editor, who has been telling the Irish that they "appear" to be a "well-fed, easy-going people, who want for nothing, either because all their needs are satisfied or because they are too dulled and apathetic to have needs."

The Irish have needs. To instance but two : for a great improvement in working-class living conditions, and for a re-modelling of educational and cultural life (you hear wistful references to the great days of the Abbey Theatre into which the Government has borne by subsidy, and Arthur Rank by signing-up players). Year after year under the same masterful hand in Leinster House must conduce to a certain jog-trot, but it needed a Count *plus anglais que les Anglais* to think out the word "dull" for Dubliners !

Fortunately, the vanguard of "the new English settlers" are in the reverse of patronising, fault-finding mood. They admit to coming to Eire as "a little patch of tranquil dreamland in the discordant welter of contemporary civilisation." They plead incompatibility with the "intrusive hounding out of people of property" that now prevails in England. The result is that English people of substance are settling in Eire for the first time since "the military" left a generation ago, with all that its departure then meant to Irish country life.

Mansions and castles are up for sale at vertically-risen prices, yet they are bargains still for English buyers at anything from £3,000 to £30,000, with £10,000 as an average. More than £5,000,000 is estimated to have been spent by British people on Eireann property since last summer.

Next comes the colonel type, late of Aix, Cheltenham and Biarritz, who says that Eire is the only place left where a gentleman can live like a gentleman. Such settlers and their ladies see in Eire a stable society based on respect for property ; a country where "people are still content to know their places." They are drawn by the prospect of keeping their money secure, more than by the 2s. 6d. in the £ less income tax, and surtax at 6d. in the £ up to £3,000. They are investing their capital in Irish securities, although advised by the Bank of Ireland that the money goes back to London for re-investment, "We Irish knowing of no better security than British bonds."

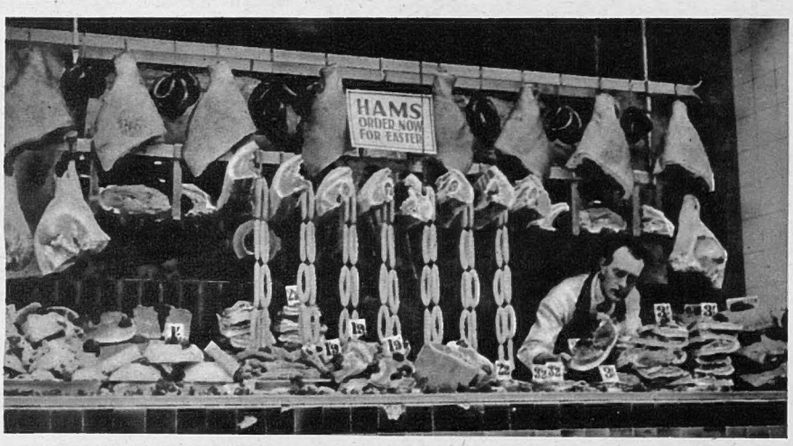
Then there follow the folk of lesser means, usually couples getting on in years, or bachelors and spinsters who "can't cope any longer with no servants, and all the difficulties and restrictions of English life," and who feel Eire to be a retreat not only from Socialism, but from a Europe quite capable of blowing up again. Such settlers favour centres like Dublin, offering the well-found ease of more spacious days amid its Georgian squares and streets ; where you don't have to genuflect in shops ; spruce Dublin, cleanest city I know, owing to Irish dogs preferring the country. But Dublin is packed, though three-room flats with kitchen and bath are still available for settlers who are settled in their habits, at £250 a year—no more than in pre-war London.

Landlords won't even take Irish newly-weds, because they make too much commotion the first year ; hence the largest number on record living with in-laws.

The fourth type of settler is a worry. An Englishman who converts his new home into part-hotel—that passes. But the belief grows that many purchasers of Irish property are profiteering-bent, obnoxious types with no interest in Eire, but who will stimulate the rise in prices by their own over-charging. Dubliners associate matters with English arrivals, generally.

Finally there are the Returnees, by no means returned empties but full of the joys and sorrows of the world. A former Bloomsbury queen exhorts Irish girls, from Connemara, not to ape English girls by wearing slacks. I could name a representative selection of "wild geese" who threw in their lots in England and on the Continent, and who now find their own country is quite a place after all, these uncouth times.

DUBLIN—A CITY OF PLENTY



WINDOW ON A HUNGRY WORLD : A typical butcher's display in the streets of Dublin, a veritable city of plenty. Rows of joints—spring lamb and prime veal, legs of pork and ribs of beef—are there to be bought in any quantities, and the restaurants are never at a loss for juicy steaks

CLOTHING IS PLENTIFUL BUT RATIONED : A spring show of ready-to-wear suits in a Dublin shop. The annual allowance of coupons is seventy-two per person, and there is an active, street-corner Black Market in their sale. In other respects there is very little rationing in Eire, and Dublin throughout the war years continued to be a city of plenty. Now it is attracting large numbers of British tourists

THE DE HAVILLAND SWALLOW—THE WORLD'S FIRST JET-PROPELLED "FLYING WING" IS NOW RUNNING ITS TRIALS: The machine, which is just off the secret list, has been introduced in order to solve some of the compressibility problems of high-speed flying, and the knowledge gained will be used by de Havillands in the building of their "all wing" air-liner Brabazon IV. From the outset the Swallow has proved an outstanding success

BRITAIN INTRODUCES THE JET "FLYING WING"

When Mr. Arthur Woodburn, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Supply, announced at Hatfield last week that Britain had developed the first jet-propelled flying-wing fighter in the world, he declared that the success achieved by the machine in initial trials already indicated that it "will lead Britain into a very great future for the development of aircraft." The Swallow is a true flying-wing machine with the wings swept back to an angle of about 43 degrees, and the single fin and rudder are attached to the exhaust cone of the Goblin II jet-propulsion engine. It is expected that when the more powerful de Havilland Ghost engine is fitted, the Swallow may be able to attain a top speed of more than 675 m.p.h. The exhaustive tests now being carried out with the Swallow will provide information for the building of the Brabazon IV, a transatlantic jet air-liner which will cruise at 550 m.p.h.

THE SWALLOW MAKES ITS MAIDEN FLIGHT—THE JET "FLYING WING" IN ACTION AT HATFIELD AERODROME: *Left*—The machine being wheeled on to the concrete runway for trials by Mr. Geoffrey de Havilland, and (*right*) climbing at speed during its first ten-hours flying when, without attempting anything like its maximum effort, the Swallow showed its immense possibilities. The present model has a Goblin II jet-propulsion engine, but it is expected that this will be superseded by the de Havilland Ghost jet which develops about 5,000-lb. static thrust. The wings are swept back to an angle of about 43 degrees

WHERE THE BRITISH FORCES HAVE COME TO THE RESCUE: A diagrammatic sketch of modern Burma from the mosquito-ridden delta area to the Chin Hills. In the far north R.A.F. units have dropped rice to the starving populations and our men have generally helped in the work of post-war rehabilitation—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

AFTERMATH OF WAR IN BURMA

British Military Authorities Help in the Work of Restoring a Devastated Land

Few parts of the world suffered more than Burma during the war. She was fought over almost from end to end; her communications were ruined; her agriculture paralysed; and her administration entirely disrupted. After the expulsion of the Japanese the British troops found themselves obliged to undertake far-reaching responsibilities, particularly in procuring and distributing supplies of all kinds, and in the far north the R.A.F. has dropped rice both to the Karens and the Kachins, who were on the verge of starvation. Throughout Burma the need for consumer goods is acute, and until they can be supplied there is little prospect of stimulating the rice production upon which the nation depends. A wave of lawlessness in the delta area has added to the national difficulties

A MINTHA WOMAN OF NORTH-EAST BURMA: A typical inhabitant of the Chinese borderland differing in marked degree from the highly civilised Burmese women. The people of this district speak dialects akin to the Chinese, and for centuries the races have tended to intermingle

A CHINESE-LISU WOMAN OF EASTERN BURMA: Another primitive type hailing from the frontier region bordering on the Chinese province of Yunnan. There are probably not more than two dozen families of this mixed race, but the Lisus themselves are very numerous in the region. The woman's dress is of bright red and blue homespun, and she wears a black turban and numerous ornaments of silver. She is eating a large pancake made of rice flour, water, and pig's fat

A GANGSTER OF THE IRRAWADDY: Burmese soldiers with a typical dacoit from the delta district. The armed gang to which he belonged was responsible for many murder raids on isolated villages, the men using weapons which they had acquired from the retreating Japanese during the final phases of the war in Burma. The rounding-up of dacoits is proceeding systematically, but it is inevitably slow

AW[illegible]SSNESS IN THE BURMESE DELTA AREA—DACOITS ATTACK A VILLAGE ON THE IRRAWADDY, LEAVING THE HOUSES BURNING AS THEY MAKE AWAY IN THEIR [illegible]ATS : A scene typical of current conditions in Southern Burma, where the robbers, armed with weapons abandoned by the Japanese, make frequent descents upon the unprotected settlements—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Dacoit[illegible] (robbery by gangs) has been a persistently unfortu[illegible] feature of life in the delta area of Burma, but since the [illegible] of the war with Japan the dacoits, now well-armed with [illegible]andoned machine-guns and other weapons, are becoming increasingly menacing, often proving more than a match for the police. When the dacoits have robbed a village and are about to make off in their sailing barges, they frequently set fire to the huts, leaving the people utterly destitute. As a result there is now a strong demand for the distribution of weapons among law-abiding Burmese, so that an efficient system of self-protection and surveillance can be instituted by the villagers themselves on the responsibility of the headmen

WOMEN OF BURMA—AN EVERYDAY SCENE IN THE ANCIENT CITY OF MANDALAY AND FORMER CAPITAL OF UPPER BURMA, WHERE MANY DIVERSE PEOPLES MEET : Walking on the left is a well-to-do Burmese lady accompanied by a companion, who walks a pace or two behind her. On the right, smoking their cheroots, are Shan women, who come from the mountainous district north-east of Mandalay—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Within the boundaries of modern Burma, a land now struggling to reconstitute the elements of its internal economy, is a great diversity of peoples. The Burmese themselves are a sturdy, brown, black-haired people of Mongoloid type. They are easy-going, simple mannered and play-loving, and they are without doubt the most engaging people in the East. The women are noted for their elegance, dressing in fine-coloured silks and muslins, and there is no purdah seclusion. This Central Burmese race is largely to be found in the cities and towns of the Irrawaddy Plain, but it is surrounded and infiltrated by numerous tribes and peoples, who are very different both in their physical aspect and their culture

A FOREIGN SURVEY

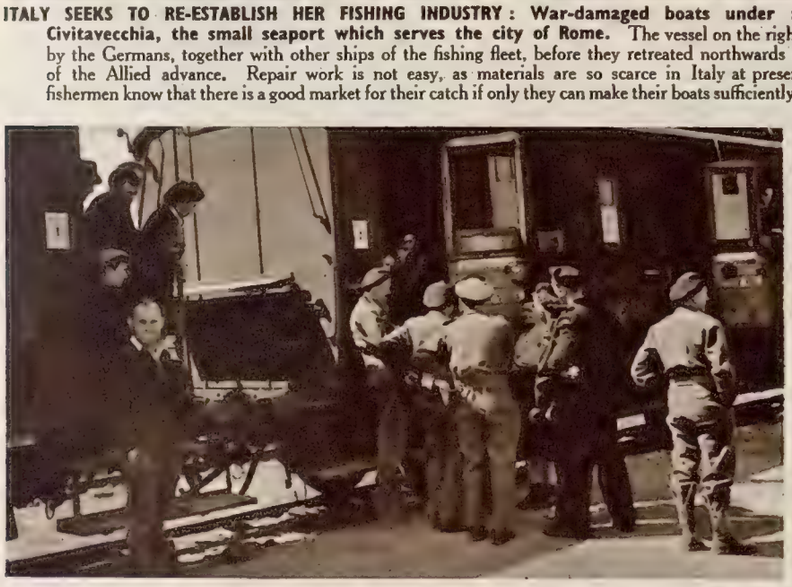
The Rebuilding of Malta: The Poles in Occupied Germany, and Their Former Oppressors: The Duke and Duchess of Windsor at a Riviera Ceremony

RESTORATION IN THE GEORGE CROSS ISLAND: Work in progress on the reconstruction of the King George V Hospital, Valetta, which was destroyed by enemy action in 1942 during one of the countless raids to which the island was subjected. The new hospital is being rebuilt from local stone, but it will also contain one stone from the bomb-damaged House of Commons at Westminster. The cost of the work is being borne largely by the Red Cross, especially by the Scottish branch, but friends of Malta from many parts of the world are sending subscriptions

Malta, that island fortress in the Mediterranean which so bravely withstood the assaults of Kesselring's Sicilian-based bombers, is now under reconstruction, and already the King George V Hospital is rising again on the outskirts of Valetta with the aid of funds largely supplied by the Red Cross. Much, however, remains to be done as regards the rehousing of the population, 5,000 houses having been totally destroyed and a further 10,000 rendered uninhabitable during the years of war. A shortage of materials, occasioned by the lack of shipping, has not helped matters, and, as a result, many of the islanders are still living in the caves which they occupied in the blitz. Schools are another need in Malta

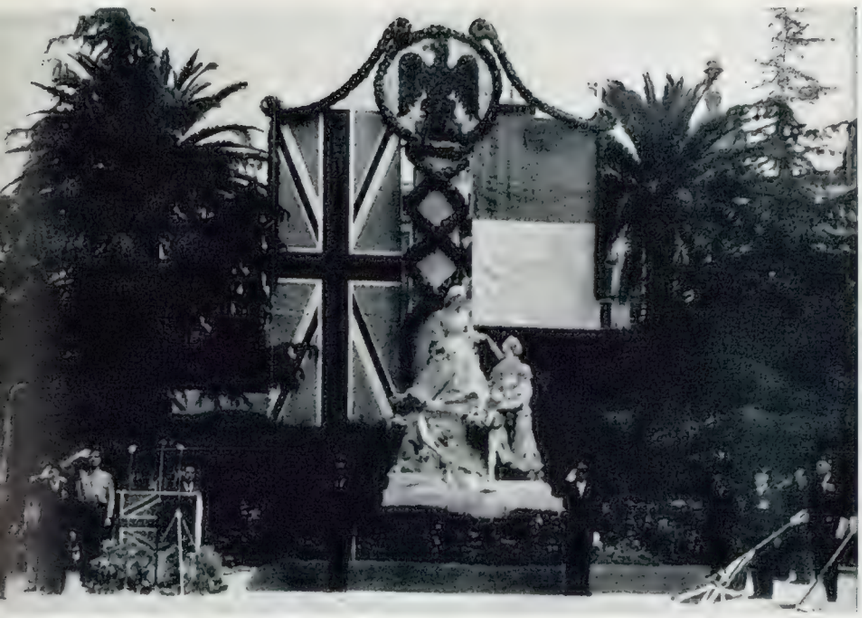
ITALY SEEKS TO RE-ESTABLISH HER FISHING INDUSTRY: War-damaged boats under repair at Civitavecchia, the small seaport which serves the city of Rome. The vessel on the right was sunk by the Germans, together with other ships of the fishing fleet, before they retreated northwards in the face of the Allied advance. Repair work is not easy, as materials are so scarce in Italy at present, but the fishermen know that there is a good market for their catch if only they can make their boats sufficiently seaworthy

THE "WALL OF REMEMBRANCE" IN BOLOGNA: A unique war memorial in a North Italian city. The people of Bologna have not forgotten the young men of the city who fell during the war years, and in Nettuno Square there is a remarkable display of photographs placed there by mothers, fathers and other relatives of the dead. Every morning mothers come to the square to say a prayer before the photographs of their sons, and many of them bring fresh flowers to put in front of the wall. Sometimes ribbons and miniature flags are placed in the picture-frames



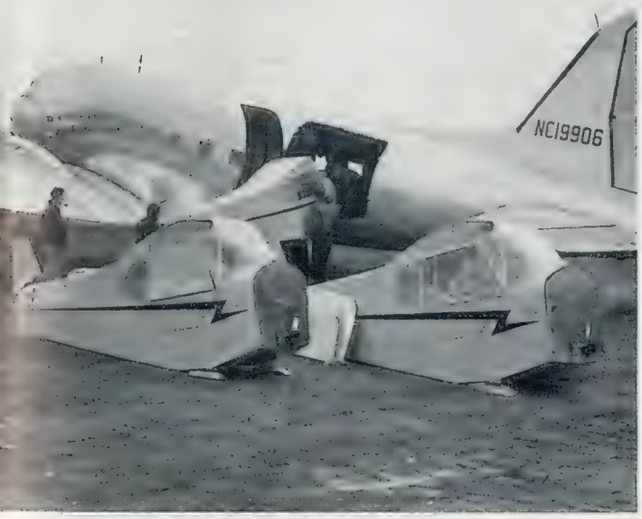
POLES RETURN HOME FROM GERMANY: Displaced persons, many of whom suffered in the German horror camps, leaving Dortmund, in the British Zone, en route for their native land, which they have not seen since 1939. Ever since the capitulation of Germany the problem of Polish repatriation has loomed large in the British Zone, as only a small proportion of the Poles wished at once to return home. The remainder have been grouped in camps, where they have established schools and created a community life of their own, relying, however, on military help in the matter of clothing. Last autumn a referendum was held on the question of repatriation, and the present repatriation is based on the results of that vote

GERMAN WAR CRIMINALS ARE TURNED OVER TO THE POLES: A party of accused men leaving Furth Airport en route to Warsaw, where they will stand their trial for crimes against the Polish people. The three men on the right of the picture are Dr. Kurt von Burgsdorff (wearing glasses), the former German Governor of Cracow; Herr Rudolph Hoess, former chief of the notorious Auschwitz concentration camp; and Herr Joseph Buhler, deputy to Hans Frank. Hoess is a self-confessed murderer, and he has admitted that 2,500,000 Jews were killed during the time of his authority at the Auschwitz camp



THE QUEEN VICTORIA STATUE RESTORED IN NICE : A picture taken at the ceremony at which the celebrated statue was re-unveiled and re-dedicated on the slopes of Cimiez. During the war it was defaced by Germans and taken from its pedestal

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR AT THE NICE UNVEILING : Their Royal Highnesses standing with Admiral Willis on the official dais after the statue of Queen Victoria, which had been despoiled by the Germans, had been officially replaced in its old position on the heights of Cimiez. Queen Victoria was a frequent visitor to Nice during her later years and was much attached to Cimiez, a suburb of Nice famed for its Roman amphitheatre and temples. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor have been staying in nearby Cannes



LANES TRAVEL BY PLANE : A transport innovation in America's far north. Parts of three Piper Cub machines being taken from a Douglas D.C.3 after being shipped from Spokane, Washington State to Anchorage, Alaska. They will be used for light cargo work and also by hunters and trappers. The planes are delivered "knockdown" and assembly of wings and engines takes place on arrival

A TARGET FOR POST-WAR BOMBING : An aerial view of some of the massive concrete submarine pens on the Weser River at Farge, which are now being used for experimental attacks by British and United States bombers operating from Marham Aerodrome, Norfolk. Lancasters, Super-Fortresses and Flying Fortresses have been employed

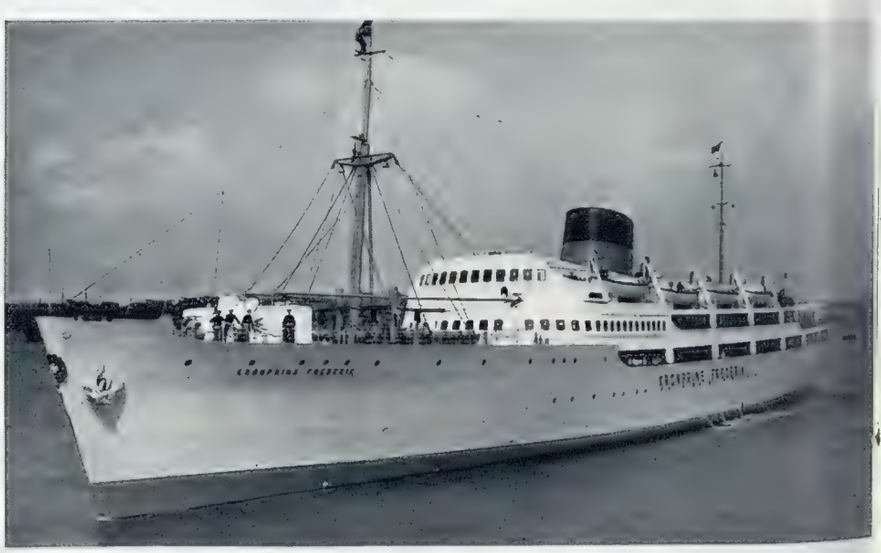
MIDDLE-EASTERN ENGAGEMENT : Wing-Commander Clair Grece, D.F.C., and his fiancée, Countess Virginia Apponyi, seen together after the announcement of their forthcoming marriage. Countess Apponyi is the only sister of ex-Queen Geraldine of Albania and is a widow with two young children

A PROMISE KEPT : Mrs. Mary Granata walking barefooted to St. Anthony's Church, Chicago, accompanied by her brother, Frank La Valle, a recently discharged serviceman. A year ago Mrs. Granata made a solemn vow that if her brother returned safely from the war she would go barefoot to the service of thanksgiving

BUTTERFLIES BOTH : Geraldine Farrar, a celebrated opera-singer of her day, greeting Camilla Williams, the young negro soprano, after her debut as Cio-San in "Madame Butterfly." A picture taken after a recent production by the New York City Opera Company. Miss Farrar presented Miss Williams with her own score of *Madame Butterfly*

BRITISH TUGS UNDERTAKE A MAMMOTH TOWING FEAT—TAKING THE FLOATING DOCK FROM ALEXANDRIA TO ITS NEW POSITION IN THE BERMUDAS: The great dock seen during the course of its 5,000-mile journey through the Mediterranean and across the Atlantic. The tug is a 4,000-h.p. Admiralty-built craft. It is assisted by two other tugs of the same size—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

The towing of the Alexandria floating dock to its new position in the Bermudas, a task that is in no way connected with the plans for the evacuation of Egypt, is perhaps the greatest feat ever undertaken by British tugs, and it is to be hoped that they will be fortunate in the weather throughout the voyage. Since the close of the war, and in view of the altered conditions, an extensive re-shuffle of docking facilities is now taking place. There will still be a graving dock at Gibraltar capable of accommodating a capital ship, while the big floating dock at Malta, which was sunk as a result of bombing, will in due course be replaced by a large new dock for the Mediterranean fleet



A STATELY LINER IN MINIATURE MAKES HER MAIDEN VOYAGE TO BRITISH WATERS: The 4,000-ton luxury motor-ship "Kronprins Frederik" (named after the Crown Prince of Denmark) arriving at Harwich after completing the trip from Esbjerg, Denmark, and carrying on board the Crown Prince, the Danish Minister of Transport, and trade representatives of the Government. With her graceful lines and many modern features, the new motor-ship gives the impression of being very much larger than her modest tonnage indicates. During the days of the occupation of Denmark the Nazis cast envious eyes on the *Kronprins Frederik*, but she was saved from requisitioning through the "mysterious" dismantlement and disappearance of part of her propeller shafting. ***On left***—The new vessel tied up at Harwich pier. Before returning to Denmark the ship was visited by British trade representatives, who were taken for a one-day cruise in the North Sea, in the course of which business discussions were held. The Danish flag flies at her bows and a pennant from her mainmast

LITTLE SHIPS on the WORLD'S SEAWAYS

And Other Mercantile Marine News Items

BRAVING THE NORTH AND SOUTH ATLANTIC : The 80-ft. tug-boat "George Salt" leaving Langton Dock, Liverpool, en route to Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil, a distance of 6,000 miles. The *George Salt*, which is to be used in South America by Lamport and Holt's, is in charge of Captain E. R. Westmore, of Southport. Captain Westmore, who is seventy years old, first went to sea in a windjammer at the age of thirteen, and he has sailed small craft before, during and after two wars without ever losing a man or a ship. On his voyage to Brazil he has a crew of seven to help him

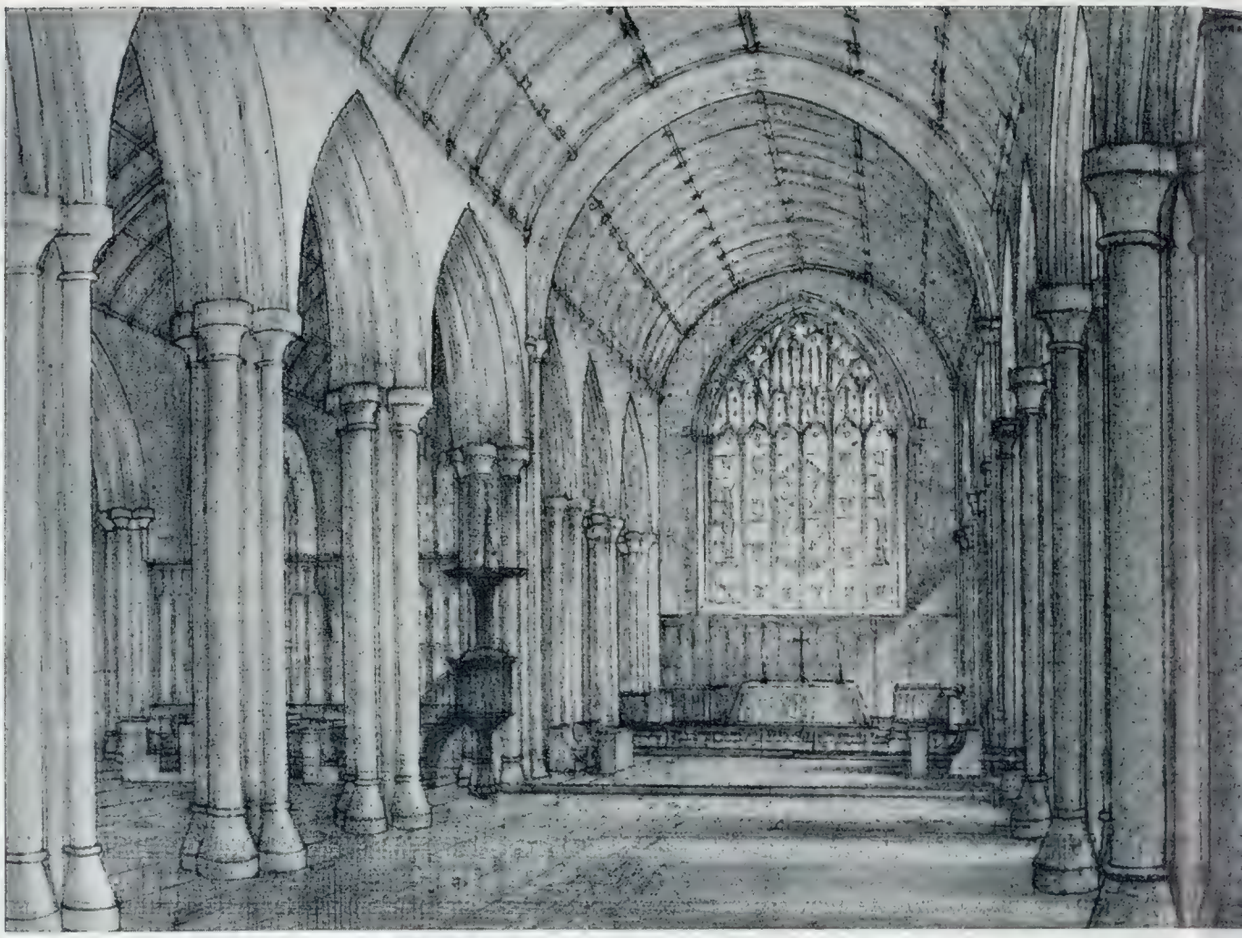
THE DEVELOPMENT OF AMERICA'S INLAND SEA : The lake freighter "Benson Ford" alongside the new 30,000-ton capacity dock at Port Arthur, Ontario, where she took on the season's first shipment of Canadian iron-ore for the blast furnaces of Detroit, Michigan. At one time this trade went through the American port of Superior, but with the development of Port Arthur a more direct route is established. On her 800-mile voyage to Detroit the *Benson Ford* crosses Lakes Superior and Huron, and goes through the giant locks at Sault St. Marie, thus descending from 602 ft. above sea-level to 581 ft. above sea-level. In the near future it is hoped still further to increase the size of these locks, so that it will be possible for ocean-going liners to sail between Port Arthur and the ports of Europe. The plan, which was first outlined in 1921 and which is being encouraged by President Truman, is known as the St. Lawrence Seaway Scheme, and it will have to be approved by the Canadian and United States Governments. In addition to its facilities for dealing with large quantities of ore, Port Arthur also has elaborate grain elevators, and one day it may be possible for the Canadian farmer to ship direct to all parts of the world

"MONARCH" IS READY FOR THE SEA : This new telegraph ship has just been completed for the Postmaster-General by Messrs. Swan Hunter and Wigham Richardson, and she is now the largest cable-laying and cable-repair ship in the world. Her length is 475 ft. overall, she has a beam of 55 ft., and she is of 8,050 tons burden. The *Monarch* is oil-fired and can attain a speed of 14½ knots. The cable machinery, winches and windlass are electric driven. Within the ship there are four cylindrical cable tanks, each 41 ft. in diameter and with a total coiling capacity of 125,000 cubic ft. This means that the *Monarch* can carry approximately 2,500 miles of deep-sea cable. ***On right***— A bow-on view of the new ship showing the triple bow sheaves used when picking up cables in shallow water with the aid of a special pronged grapple. The anchor has a protective covering to avoid fouling cables

CHURCHES:
Restoration Plans in COVENTRY and PLYMOUTH
Coventry Cathedral and the Mother Church of St. Andrew's to be Rebuilt

Of recent weeks appeals have gone forth on behalf of two great shrines—Coventry Cathedral and St. Andrew's the mother church of Plymouth—which suffered tragically during the blitz, and already plans are well on the way for their restoration. St. Andrew's was a fine specimen of Perpendicular architecture. It was closely identified with the seamen who defeated the Spanish Armada. Sir Francis Drake and his family worshipped at St. Andrew's, and it is recorded that on one famous occasion the congregation swarmed out to welcome Drake back from his voyage round the world.

Coventry, like St. Andrew's, did not lose its tower, but the greater part of the building was destroyed. It is to be restored under a most imaginative scheme in which both Anglicans and Free Churchmen wi play a part.



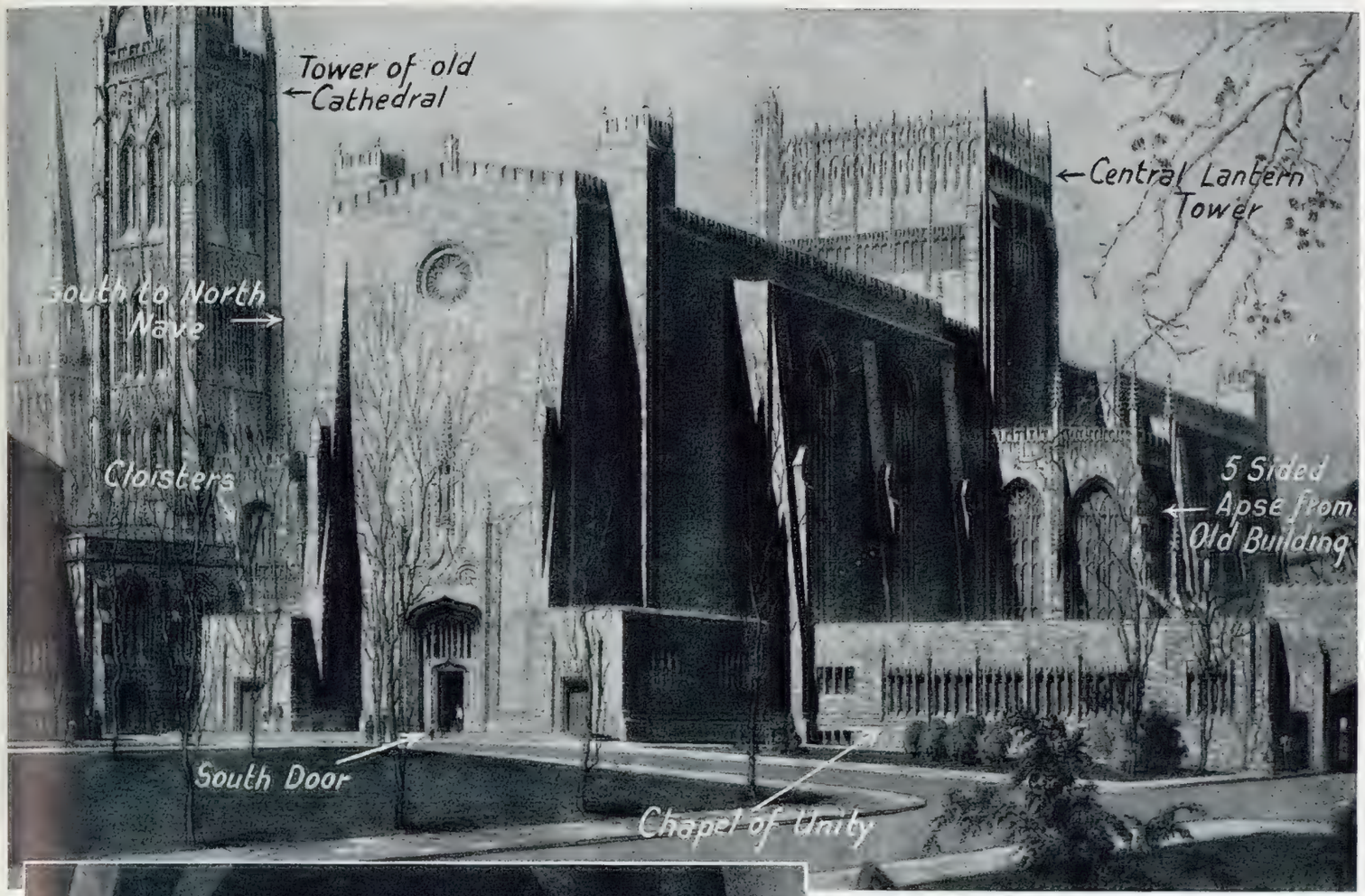
THE RESTORATION OF ST. ANDREW'S, PLYMOUTH: A perspective sketch of the interior of the famous parish church as it will appear when reconstructed. Frederick Etchells, F.R.I.B.A., is the architect, and in the restoration everything possible will be done to preserve what remains of the ancient fabric, a beautiful example of the Perpendicular style

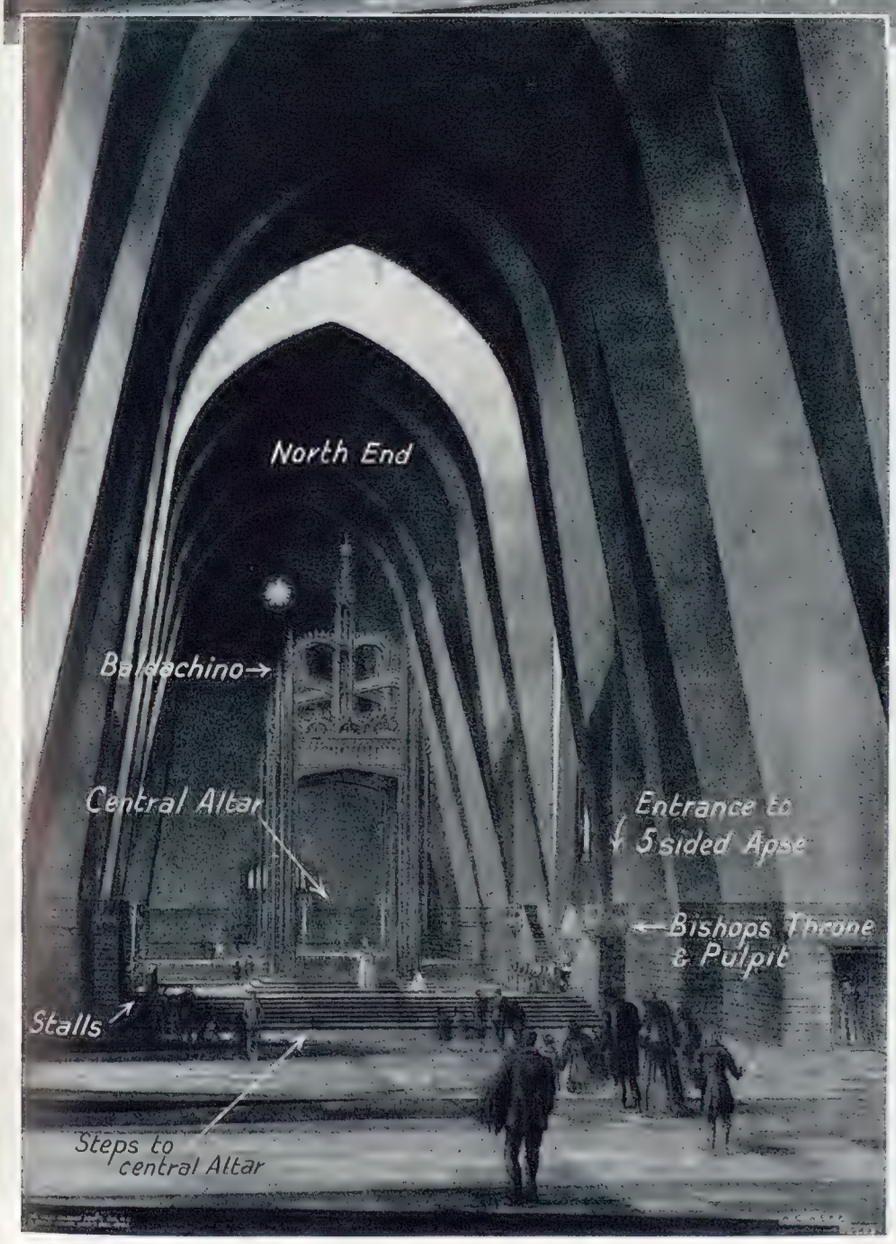
THE TEMPORARY ALTAR OPEN TO THE SKY: A scene within the blitzed church of St. Andrew's, a church closely identified with the famous seamen who defeated the Armada and with the Pilgrim Fathers, who met there to renew their Solemn League and Covenant before sailing for the New World

THE MOTHER CHURCH OF PLYMOUTH AS IT IS TO-DAY: St. Andrew's, with the celebrated Yogge's tower still intact, but the rest of the building reduced to a shell by the bombing in March 1941. In the rebuilding, these old walls will be preserved

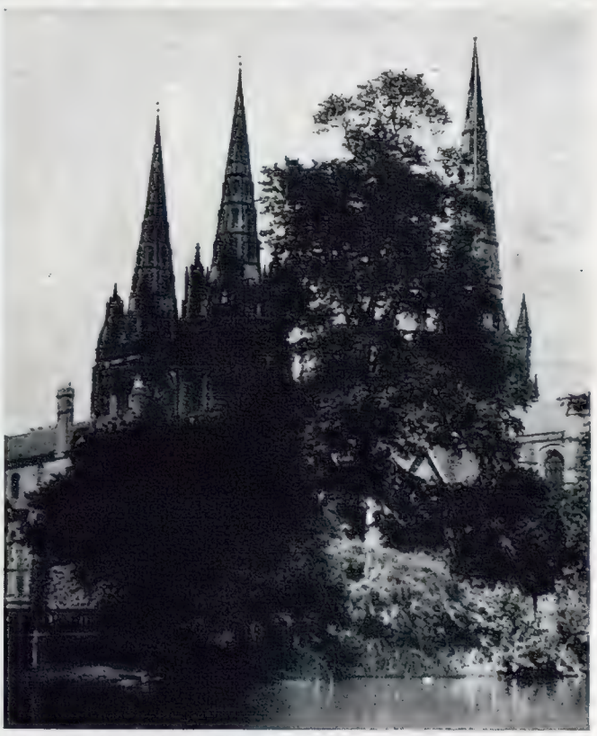
THE INTERIOR OF ST. ANDREW'S HAS BEEN LAID OUT AS A GARDEN: The bombed fabric of Plymouth's mother church as it appears to-day, with flower-beds lining the nave and creepers climbing up the stately pillars. During the summer open-air services are held

The destruction of St. Andrew's in March 1941 was a major tragedy for the people of Plymouth, a city which, with regard to area and public buildings, suffered more severely than any other in Great Britain. Now the restoration of St. Andrew's is being made an act of faith, and this church, with its associations with Drake and Frobisher and the people of the *Mayflower*, is the object of an appeal for £100,000 launched by its Vicar, Canon Norman Clarke. For over 900 years a church has stood on the site of St. Andrew's, but the present building, in the Perpendicular style, dates from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The tower, built by one Thomas Yogge, thrice Mayor of Plymouth, is still intact, and its bells call people to the open-air services, which since 1941 have been held on summer evenings in the nave, where a most attractive garden has been built. The restoration, which is being carried out with a view to preserving as much as possible of the old church, is in the hands of Mr. Frederick Etchells, F.R.I.B.A. Many Americans visited St. Andrew's when they were stationed in the West Country during the war, and it is hoped that the present appeal may be heard in the United States by those who know the church, or by some of the descendants of those who sailed in the *Mayflower* and prayed there before departure

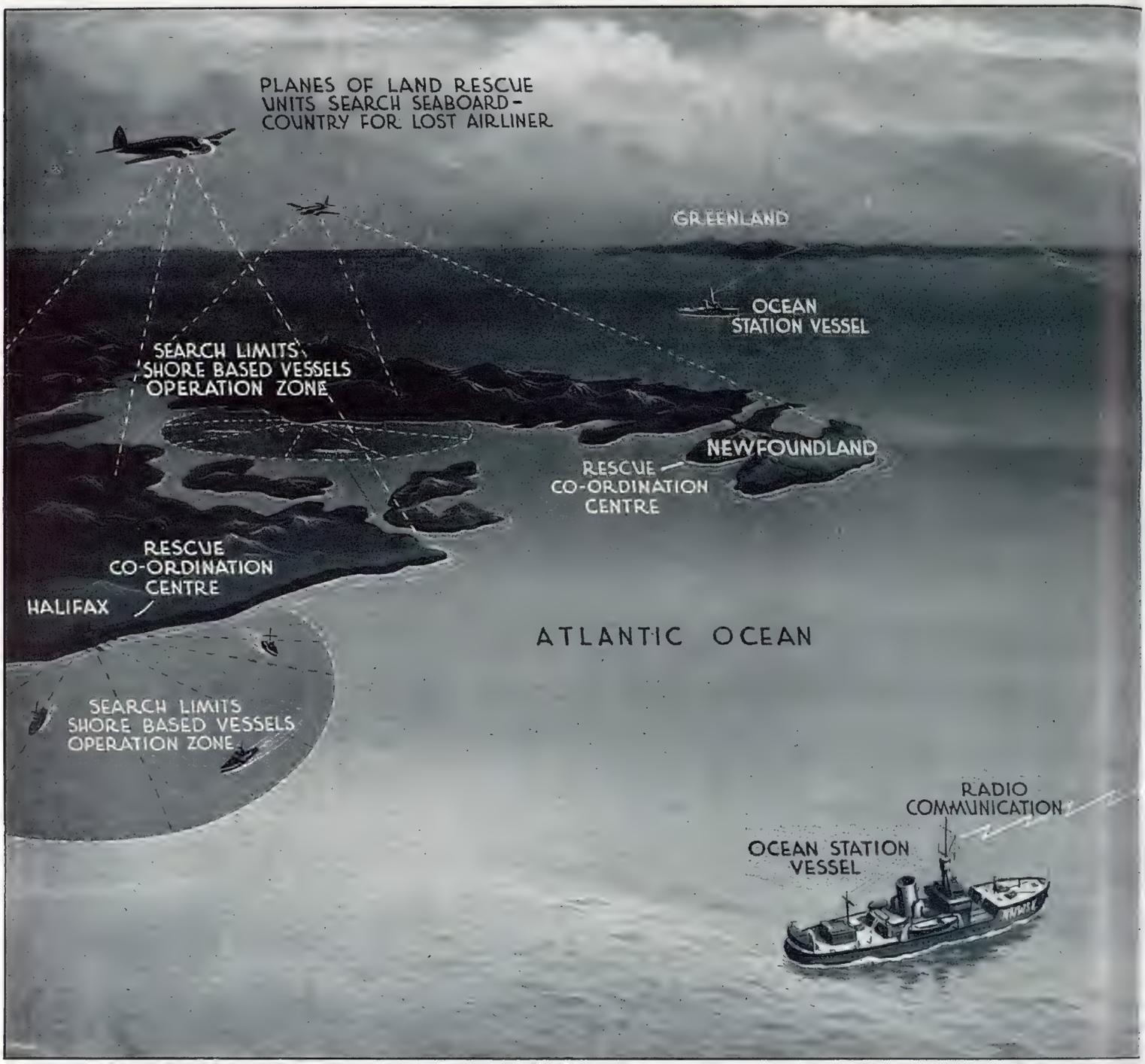




PLANNING THE NEW COVENTRY CATHEDRAL: Sir Giles Gilbert Scott's design for a building to take the place of St. Michael's, largely destroyed in the blitz. The cathedral will be almost entirely new, and it will be rebuilt from funds obtained under the War Damage scheme and equipped and staffed with funds obtained from the recently-launched appeal. It is to be built north to south, with a central lantern-tower occupying the position of the choir in the old cathedral. The five-sided apse of the old cathedral will be incorporated into the new structure and will face towards the altar. The tower of the old cathedral will be unaffected, and it has been cleverly integrated into the architectural grouping without appearing to be part of it. ***On left***—The plan for the central altar beneath the lantern tower of the new cathedral. On the right is the entrance to the five-sided apse



LICHFIELD IS ALSO IN THE NEWS: The celebrated Staffordshire cathedral which is about to celebrate the 750th anniversary of its foundation with a ten-day festival beginning on June 13. The Queen is visiting Lichfield on Saturday, June 15, and in the evening will attend in the cathedral the first performance of a new play, *The Just Vengeance* by Dorothy Sayers. It is hoped during the festival to raise £25,000 in order to carry out a comprehensive scheme of restoration. The cathedral is small, but it is beautiful both in its style and its situation. The lofty central spire and the two lesser western spires constitute a unique feature in English ecclesiastical architecture



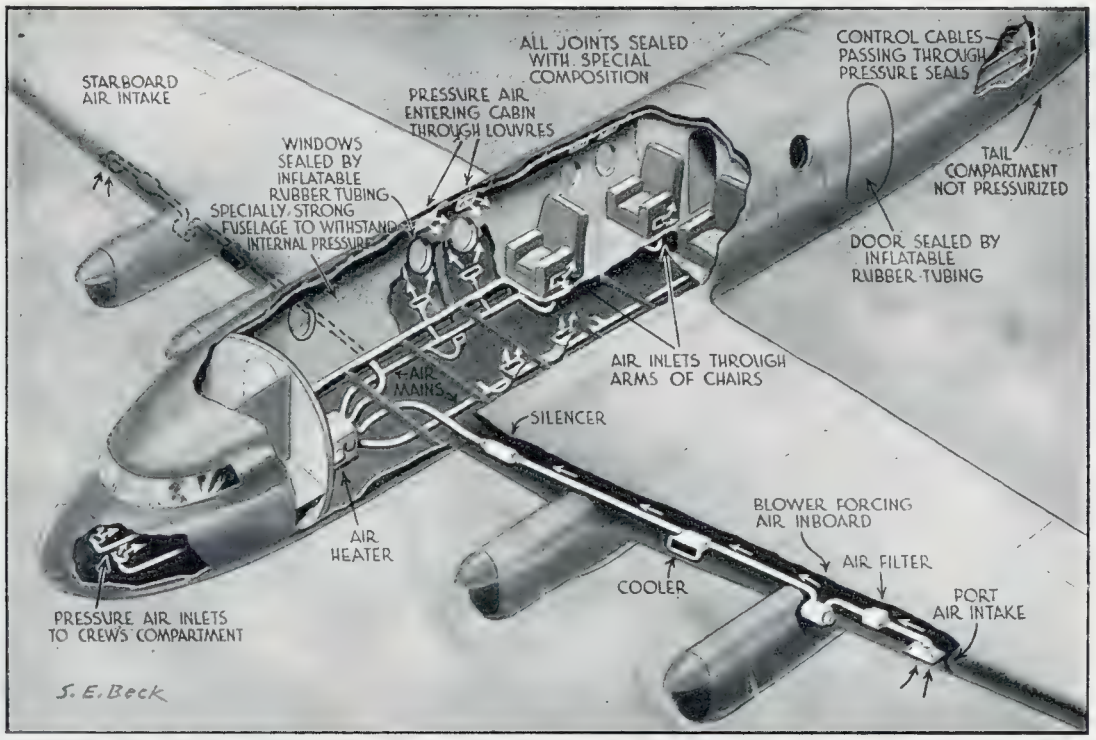
A MIGHTY PLAN TO REGULATE AERIAL TRAFFIC ABOVE THE NORTH ATLANTIC—FOUR OF THE THIRTEEN OBSERVATION SHIPS WHICH WILL PROVIDE AIR-LINERS WITH WEATHER INFORMATION AND SITUATION DATA DURING THE PROGRESS OF THEIR OCEAN CROSSINGS: A diagrammatic sketch illustrating the chain of communication off the American coast as outlined by Picao (the Provisional International Civil Aviation Organisation)—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Sooner or later aerial traffic control on the ocean was inevitable in world aviation, and already Picao has approved the proposal that thirteen ships should be maintained in the North Atlantic for the purpose of meteorological observation, for the provision of data regarding position, and for search and rescue work. The thirteen ships will be placed at strategic points from Canada and the United States in the west, to the British Isles and Portugal in the east, and it is proposed that States bordering the Atlantic should contribute men and ships to the service in proportion to their aerial interests. The introduction of these stations is considered by technicians to be a matter of urgency in the interests of safety and regularity on the North Atlantic route. In addition to the thirteen ships, which would maintain continuous radio watch for aircraft in distress, there will be rescue co-ordination centres, such as Lisbon, Shannon and Prestwick, so that the most efficient steps are taken to deal with all accidents Dr. Edward Warner, President of the Interim Council of Picao has already made his plans known to the countries concerned

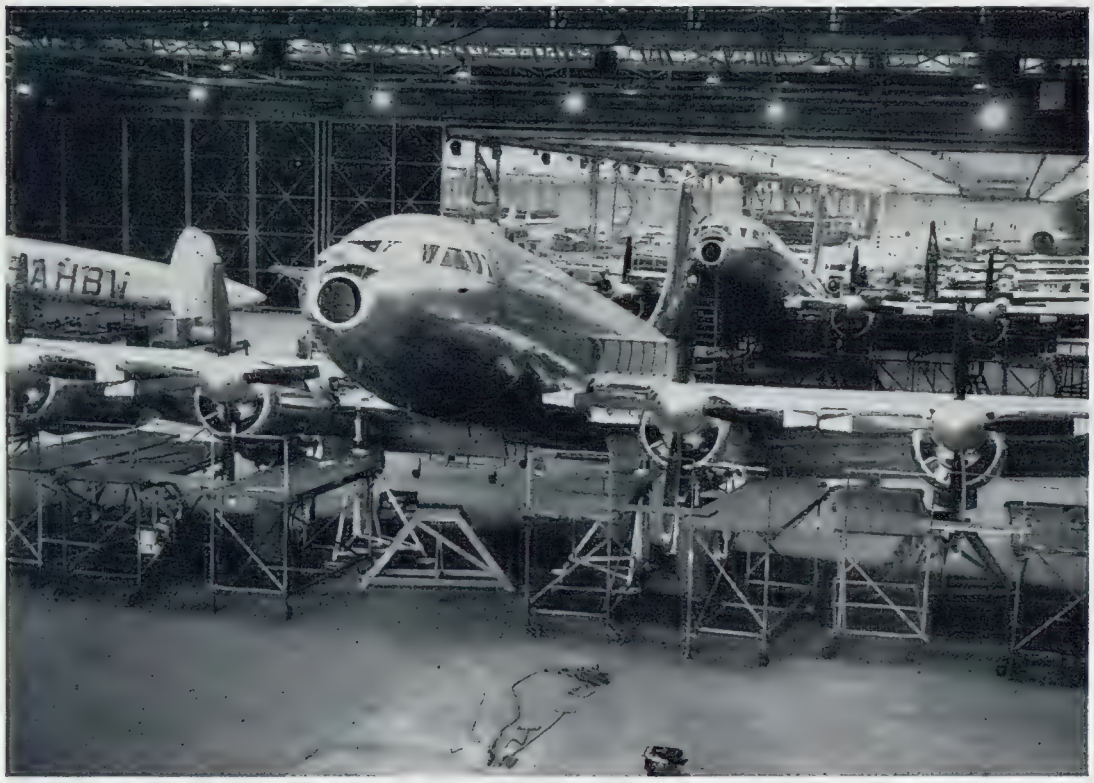
***On left*—AIR-LINERS REFUEL IN THE SKY: A tanker plane (a modified Avro Lancaster) feeding petrol by pipe-line to a passenger-carrying aircraft of the same type. A picture taken at a height of 12,000 ft. above the port of Cherbourg, where this refuelling experiment was recently carried out without a hitch, the whole task of transferring 1,000 gallons of petrol occupying only twenty-three minutes.** Experts on flight refuelling claim that the only way to fly long distances economically is to let air-liners take off with the maximum pay-load of passengers and the minimum fuel load, afterwards taking on board the necessary petrol for the flight. To connect two machines by pipe-line a modified harpoon gun is employed

TRAFFIC SENTINELS of the ATLANTIC SKYWAY

Observation Ships which will Help to Guide Air-Liners on Their Way, and Other Aviation News



PRESSURISATION IN PRACTICE: A diagrammatic sketch showing the lay-out of the interior of a high-flying air-liner equipped with a pressure cabin for operation in the sub-stratosphere. Atmospheric air is drawn in through a combined scoop and inertia filter located in each leading edge outboard of the airscrew flow and away from air contaminated by exhaust gases. The air is then ducted to two cabin blowers, which are mounted one on each outboard engine gearbox, and passes through a silencer. Delivery air then enters the fuselage through a spill valve. The main distributing ducts run beneath the floor, and branches from this terminate in mushroom-headed outlets—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*



BRITAIN'S FIRST PRESSURISED AIR-LINERS UNDER CONSTRUCTION: Examples of the Avro Tudor I designed for flight in the sub-stratosphere. These machines, with their sealed cabins ensuring a constant pressure inside whatever the operating height, will be capable of all-the-year-round "above-the-weather" transatlantic flying. An Avro Tudor I, with Mr. Wilmot, Minister of Supply, on board, flew recently from Northolt, attaining a height of 25,000 ft. Although the rate of climb may be 1,000 ft. per minute conditions in the cabin alter as if the rate of rise was only 300 ft. per minute

On right—The Miles Libellula is yet another product of the belief that the limit of performance is rapidly being approached by the orthodox aircraft and of recent months a host of new designs, including the "Flying Wing," have received their share of publicity. The Libellula has a monoplane wing at either end of the fuselage and, with the engines at the rear, the pilot has an unrestricted view when taking-off and landing. The machine is at present powered with two Gipsy Major 130-h.p. air-cooled engines, driving tractor air-screws. Later it is to be fitted with Jet-propulsion units, and this will be the real test of its efficiency

TAIL FIRST AND ENGINES AT THE REAR: This two-motor design, the Miles Libellula, is the latest unorthodox aircraft to attract attention. In this design both wings contribute to the total lift, and the parasitic drag, weight and down-load of a tail-plane are eliminated. General dimensions are less than those of an orthodox machine of similar weight. The Libellula has two 130-h.p. Gipsy Major engines. The first scale flying model made its appearance in 1943, and the idea is now being developed

A Home News Survey

FROM LONDON AND THE PROVINCES

Post-war Highland Games; Princess Elizabeth Dances at the Dorchester; Lord Tedder in the City; Heathrow is a Quagmire

SCOTTISH BRAWN IN ACTION: Mr. Kilged M. Balfour, of Dunfermline, executes a fine swing in the weight-slinging contest at Dunbog Highland Games, which took place recently at Aytonhill, near Newburgh, Fifeshire

SCOTTISH ELEGANCE IN ACTION: Two of the kilted dancers make a graceful picture at the Dunbog Highland Games. The games were held in perfect weather at Aytonhill, Fifeshire, and they are among the first to have taken place in Scotland during the 1946 season. All the customary features of pre-war Highland dancing competitions and contests of strength were included in the programme

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT THE NAVY LEAGUE DINNER BALL: Her Royal Highness dancing with Captain Humphreys, a Guards officer, at the Dorchester Hotel function held in aid of the Navy League's Sea Cadet Corps Appeal, a project sponsored by the late Lord Lloyd. This was Princess Elizabeth's second visit to the Dorchester on the same day, as in the afternoon she had presided at the annual meeting of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children

LORD TEDDER RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON AND A SWORD OF HONOUR: The Marshal of the Royal Air Force, who was General Eisenhower's Deputy-Commander in the invasion of Europe, acknowledging the tribute of the City at last week's ceremony at the Guildhall. Before the ceremony he rode in an open carriage from the Law Courts and was accorded an enthusiastic reception in the streets. Among those who assembled to do him honour at Guildhall were Mr. Attlee and General Smuts. In his speech, Lord Tedder stressed the need for the qualities of youth in the modern world. "The world is sick and tired," he declared, "and is crying out for fresh inspiration"

LONDON AIRPORT MAKES AN UNPROPITIOUS START—THE NEW INTERNATIONAL TERMINUS A SEA OF MUD IN THE FIRST WEEK OF ITS OPERATION : Two views of the tentage prepared for the reception of the first Pan-American Airways passengers and to accommodate the operating staff

When it was realised that Heathrow, the new London Airport and international flying terminus on the Great Bath Road, would not be ready for the arrival of the first transatlantic Constellation, Pan-American Airways officials blithely declared that given a tent or two they would start operating. Accordingly marquees were set up in order to act as offices, customs sheds and immigration rooms; but as ill-luck would have it, heavy rain turned the site into a quagmire and London's No. 1 airport must have presented a sorry spectacle for the first European-bound passengers from the New World. In the marquee on the right a staff of forty Pan-American officials do their daily work. Air crews are accommodated in London

SWEDISH HOUSES FOR LANCASHIRE WORKERS : These wooden prefabricated houses are being erected at Bretherton by Chorley District Council, having come direct from Sweden to Preston docks. The houses are of the two- and three-bedroom type, and each pair is built on a brick foundation and consists of 2,000 numbered and prepared pieces of timber. The houses are said to be warm in winter and cool in summer, and in many ways they are eminently suitable for farm workers. It is felt that they accord better with the landscape than the brick dwellings once advocated by Mr. Ernest Brown

ST. DUNSTAN'S MOVES BACK TO BRIGHTON : The modern building at Ovingdean, which has now been released from emergency duty as a Service Department and will become the Primary Training Centre of the famous institution for the blind. During the war St. Dunstan's moved to Church Stretton as a precautionary measure. The Brighton building is ideally suited for the accommodation of war-blinded men

PROTECTING THE EAST ANGLIAN SOLITUDES—THE SLEA LODGE BIRD SANCTUARY ON HICKLING BROAD : A property which was originally established as a sanctuary in 1910 and which has lately been acquired by the Norfolk Naturalists Trust

Bird-lovers will be gratified to learn that the National Trust and the Norfolk Naturalists Trust are putting forward a project for the permanent protection and maintenance of the marshland covering a large area of the Norfolk Broads, where so much varied wild life abounds. Hickling Broad is now in the safe keeping of the Naturalists Trust, and an opportunity has been offered to the National Trust of purchasing the neighbouring property of Horsey Mere. An appeal for funds to carry out this project has already been launched. Away on the skyline on the left of the picture can be seen the tower of Martham Church, and the whole scene, with its reed-fringed lagoons, is in keeping with the unique character of Broadland

FOUR SEATED FIGURES REPRESENTING CONSTANTINOPLE, ROME, ALEXANDRIA AND ANTIOCH: These figures, which once adorned litter-poles, represent the four chief cities of the Roman Empire and are exquisitely worked in silver gilt. They were discovered during excavations on the Esquiline Hill, and are now on view in the British Museum, which has recently opened its doors for the first time since the start of the war. Only a small part of the museum is at present open

THE BRITISH MUSEUM REOPENS

With a Magnificent Display of Medieval and Early Christian Art

The British Museum suffered tremendous damage during the war years, being hit by six high-explosive bombs and countless incendiaries. Indeed, so much rebuilding has to be done that it may be years before all the galleries are available for display; but even so a start has been made, and in the Lower North Gallery there is being held at the moment a magnificent display of early Christian and Medieval art, many of the objects being of gold, silver and burnished bronze. Some of the more remarkable exhibits are reproduced on these pages.

Meanwhile in the manuscript room, probably the next part of the building to be opened, there is intense activity, a proportion of the Museum's priceless manuscripts having recently arrived back from their wartime home in the National Library of Wales at Aberystwyth. The first consignment weighed over 100 tons

"THE CRYSTAL OF LOTHAR": This magnificent gem, now on exhibition in the Lower North Gallery of the British Museum, is engraved in intaglio, the various scenes showing the story of Sussanna. It is a Carolingian work of the ninth century, and has a gilt bronze mount of fifteenth-century design. Lothar was Lothar II, King of the Franks, and the crystal has a very romantic history

THE CELEBRATED BATTERSEA SHIELD: This remarkable example of early British bronze was recovered from the Thames at Battersea in 1857. The beauty of the bronze is enhanced by touches of colour supplied by the red enamel studs

A RELIC OF EARLY CHRISTIAN DAYS IN IRELAND: The Crozier of Kells is an object of great beauty largely worked in silver and silver gilt. It turned up in London in 1850, and before being acquired by the British Museum, it belonged to the collection of Cardinal Wiseman

A GOLD RELIQUARY FROM BASLE CATHEDRAL: Another treasure now on view in the Lower North Gallery of the British Museum. The whole of the head, which is hollow and once contained part of a saint's head, gleams with rich golden plating

A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY BOOK COVER OF ELABORATE DESIGN: In the centre are the figures of Moses and Aaron, with the rod surmounted by the brazen serpent standing between them. Strips of coloured enamel add to the richness of the general effect and at intervals the book is studded with stones. Also on view in the same gallery are the Lindisfarne Gospels

THE SILVERED BELL OF ST. CONELL: Another precious relic which has survived from the early days of Christianity in Ireland. A crucifix is the central feature of this face of the bell, and there are supporting figures of saints to left and right

THE VICTORY CELEBRATIONS OF 1919

A Glance Back Through Twenty-seven Years to the Last March Through London

By CHARLES GRAVES

TO-DAY, Saturday, June 8, will be of great psychological interest to all students of human nature. It can safely be presumed that hundreds of thousands of people will line the streets for the "Victory" parade. But will they cheer loudly, as the gallant troops marching past them fully deserve, or will their applause be more thoughtful than enthusiastic?

One of the chief interests of the parade was to have been the inclusion of a contingent of Russian troops. Now they are not coming. General Eisenhower will not be there, nor will Field-Marshal Wavell, fully occupied as he is in India. Both these men have far too much on their plate to be present, which is more than any of us has.

What, indeed, are we celebrating? The end of the war in Europe and the cessation of the flying bombs and rockets? We celebrated that over a year ago. The Peace Treaty? We are certainly not celebrating the Peace Treaty. There is still no sign of it ever being signed.

Compare to-day with that other Saturday in July 1919, when there really was something to celebrate. The Peace Treaty with Germany had been sealed and delivered, the Allies were in complete unity, Field-Marshal Foch, Admiral Beatty, Field-Marshal Haig and Field-Marshal Pershing were in the parade. The war had been over barely seven months, but the *Daily Express*, for example, had a ten-page paper, and a glance at any of the newspapers showed how different things were from now.

Oranges were so plentiful that they were sold by hawkers in the streets. Marshall and Snelgrove were advertising 250 dozen pairs of spun-silk stockings at 2s. 6d. a pair, as well as sports coats at 98s. 6d., dressing-gowns at 48s. 6d. and corsets at 11s. 9d. The Hackney Furnishing Company had £300,000-worth of second-hand carpets and furniture—"no reasonable offer refused and a 15 per cent. discount to cash buyers." Umbrellas cost 14s. 6d. and you could buy a 30-h.p. landaulette for £175.

In Bournemouth it was possible to stay in a thoroughly comfortable board residence for three guineas a week. A six-roomed house at Southend was advertised as being available for a rent of 10s. a week. In Chichester you could lease a large, comfortably furnished house for 45s. a week, while at Westcliff a large double bedroom with the use of sitting-room, piano and bath was offered at 25s. a week. There were twenty-four Swiss francs to the £, and the national 5 per cent. War Bonds (1922) stood at 100 5/16.

In the women's pages of the newspapers there were cookery recipes for sweet hominy cakes, which called casually for 1 pint of milk, 1 oz. of butter, 4 ozs. of hominy, ½ oz. of sugar, three yolks of egg, one whole egg and deep fat for frying. Robinson and Cleaver were advertising fine Irish linen damask table-cloths, 6 ft. by 6 ft., at 15s. 6d., heavy crepe-de-Chine jumpers at 45s. 9d. and handkerchiefs at 3s. 6d. a dozen. Men's pyjamas were available at 12s. 6d., flannel trousers at a guinea, real Morocco leather handbags at £1 and moiré handbags at 10s.

As for drink, W. and A. Gilbey was offering Old Tawny Port at 6s. a bottle and sherry at 4s. This was all the more tasty, if only because the U.S. had gone "dry" three weeks previously. There were illimitable quantities of egg-powder at 6½d. per ½-lb. packet. Honey was 1s. a lb., and the best rice was selling for 10d. for 3 lbs. You could get all the sardines you could eat at 7½d. a tin, and the public was being continually urged by the manufacturers of Sharp's toffee-cream to "take some with you." Servants were advertising for jobs. The race-meeting at Ascot the previous month had been a full-dress affair with the Royal procession, scarlet-clad outriders and the full regalia of tall hats and morning coats. In London there had been dances and balls almost every night of the week since March.

Lloyd George had promised that the Kaiser would be tried in London, and a perusal of the Peace Treaty of Versailles showed that Germany had been stripped of her colonies, had promised to pay full reparations, while Alsace-Lorraine and Poland had both been restored. What is more, the National Assembly at Weimar had already passed the first reading of the Bill ratifying the Peace Treaty by a substantial majority.

The unity of the Allies was shown by the contingents in the parade, which included American, Belgian, Chinese, Czechoslovak, French, Greek, Polish, Portuguese, Rumanian, Serbian and Siamese troops, not to mention Italians and Japanese. At that time Russia was still in the throes of civil war. General Denikin seemed to be having considerable success against the Bolshevists. In Japan, the prices were rising fast and the economic position of the country was worse than during the war, with rice costing two-and-a-half times the price of European wheat.

As for Great Britain, it was evident from the boom in trade, created by untrammelled private enterprise, that there was bound to be a national surplus of revenue over expenditure in the following year, as indeed occurred; the figures for 1020-21 showing a surplus of £230,557,000.

The R.34 had just made its triumphant return trip from New York to Pulham, Norfolk, in 3 days, 3 hours and 3 minutes. The docks were packed with food. Income Tax was far lower than it is to-day. Suburban trains ran up to 12.40 a.m.

As for the procession itself, it started from Albert Gate at 10 a.m., and went by way of Sloane Street, Pont Street, Buckingham Palace Road, Vauxhall Bridge Road, Vauxhall Bridge, Kennington Road, Lambeth Road, St. George's Road, Westminster Bridge Road, over Westminster Bridge, and then along Whitehall to the Admiralty Arch, the Mall, Queen Victoria Memorial, Constitution Hill, ending at Hyde Park Corner.

It was a pageant without precedent. Multitudes of people in uncountable numbers felt emotions which touched every string in the human heart. The crowds were immensely good-tempered. Many of them slept out in the parks in order to take their position as early as possible on the route, to cheer the heroes and give thanks for their deliverance. Rationing was over; there were no points. Travel was unrestricted.

Compare all that with to-day—a further 15 per cent. increase in railway fares! The chaos of the telephone service. Industry after industry under the threat of nationalisation. A cut in the loaf and the possibility of bread rationing. An absolute insufficiency of cooking fats. The Government talking of leaving Egypt and India, and the production of coal—basis of all our export trade—dropping daily to a new low.

Reliable statistics show that the average production of everybody in manufacturing or trade has dropped 20 per cent. since 1939. Nor is this surprising. People are tired, depressed and not properly fed. The national debt is mountainous beyond words. The American loan has not been passed and many experts hope that it never will be.

Why, then, is the present Government instigating the parade? The answer may be that they have for once read their history-books and recalled the example of the Roman Emperors, who made a practice of giving a circus when the public was short of bread. Perhaps the most interesting aspect of to-day's event is that the U.S., who have far more to celebrate to-day than we had even in 1919, have not yet instituted any such pageant. At the moment they are more powerful than they ever have been.

As a matter of curiosity I have been conducting my own Gallup Poll in London to-day. An Army colonel said, "Good heavens, of course I shan't be here. I walked it last time—all 8 miles of streets. Once is enough, and I pity the poor blighters who are detailed this time."

A doctor who was here right through the blitz said, "Not for me. What am I supposed to celebrate? The end of private practices?"

A war widow just stared at me silently when I asked her.

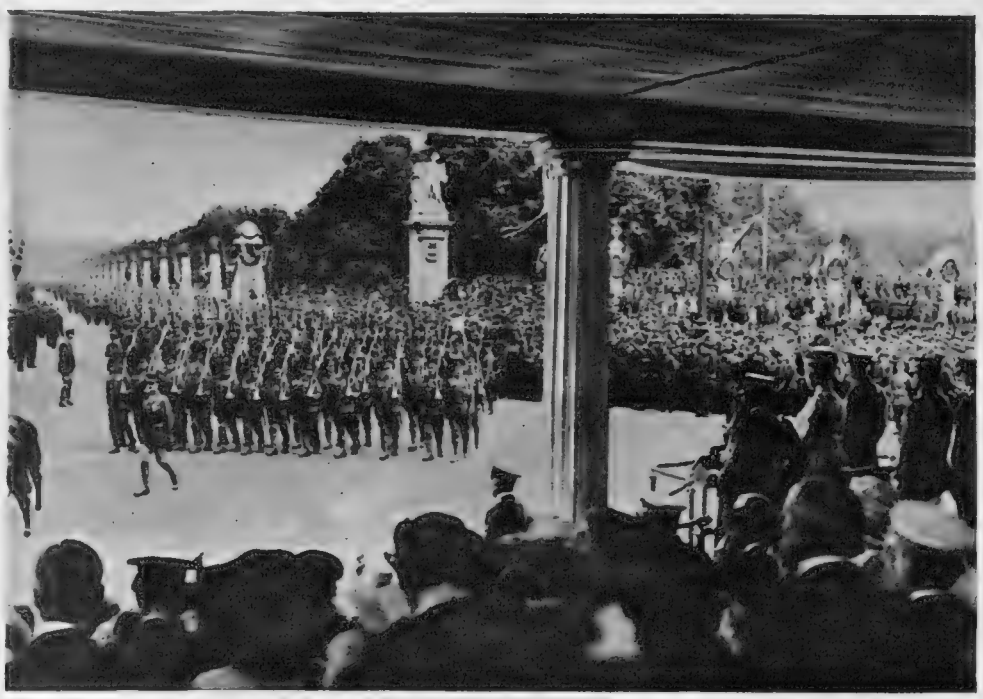
A club secretary said, "I've *got* to be here, worse luck."

A married woman said, "Am I supposed to celebrate queues?"

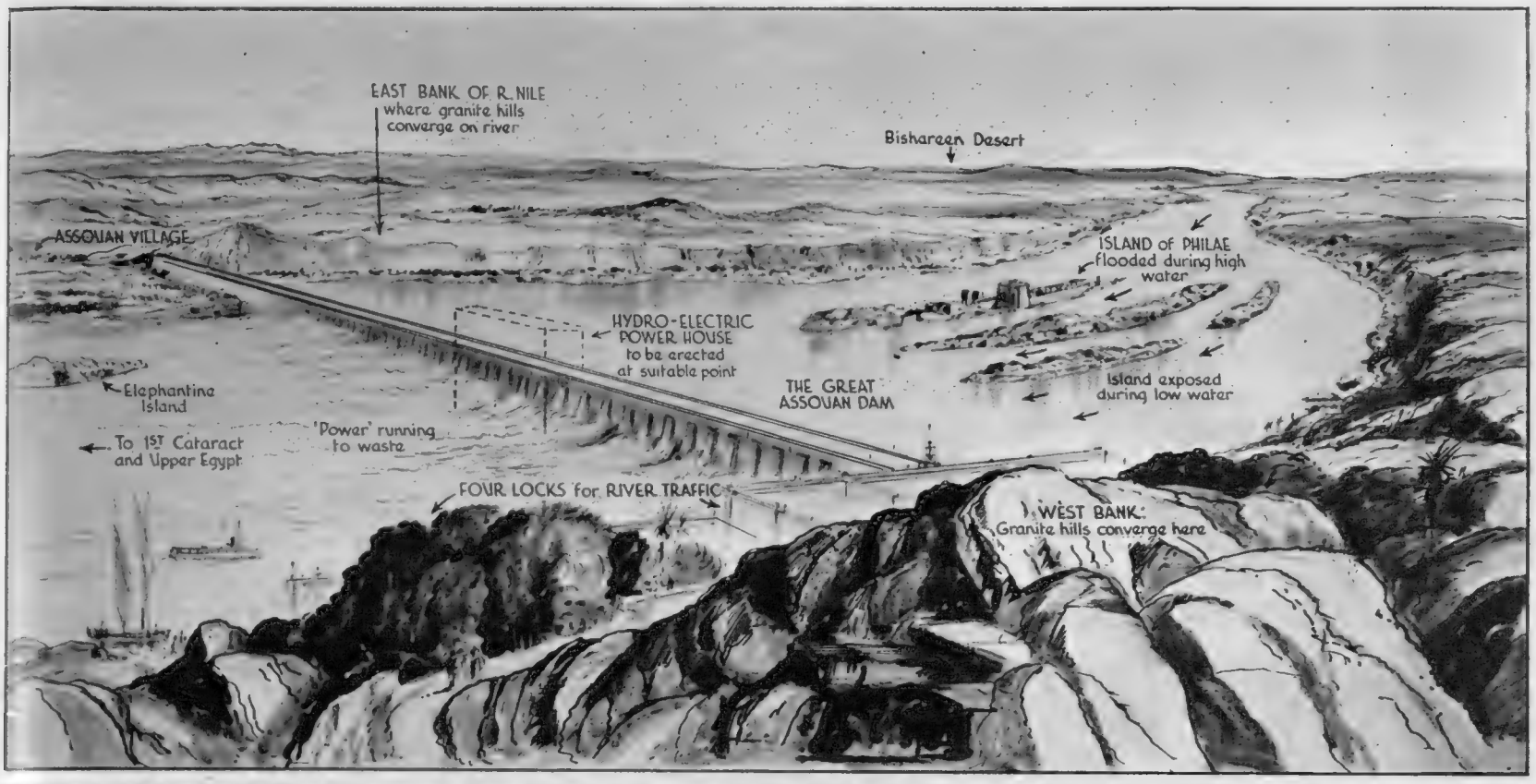
A saleswoman said, "I've lost my two sons in the war. I'd rather do something more useful than stand and gape."

Well, to-day will show. Many people may change their minds at the last minute and decide to stay in London to watch the proceedings. Those with children will almost certainly remain, so that their offspring may have something to remember in the way of flags and bunting and military bands, even if they are too young to realise how hollow it all is.

THE ALLIED LEADERS OF 1914-18 IN THE LONDON VICTORY PARADE OF JULY 1919: Field-Marshal Lord Haig *(left)*, Marshal Foch, Supreme Commander of all the Allied armies *(centre)*, and General Pershing *(right)* as they appeared on the day of the great march, nearly twenty-seven years ago



THE ROYAL FUSILIERS SWING PAST THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE SALUTING BASE IN FRONT OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE: The Victory Parade of July 1919, when London was thronged to cheer the Allied leaders and to acclaim the Allied units which took part in the 8-mile march. It was a day of brilliant sunshine



POWER RUNNING TO WASTE—EGYPT PLANS A HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEME FOR THE ASSOUAN DAM : The mile-and-a-quarter-long dam was opened in 1902 to hold back the waters of the Nile for irrigation. Now a power-house is to be erected on the site and the British, United States and Soviet Governments have been asked to submit tenders for the £10,000,000 project—*Drawing by Percy Horne*

POWER from the NILE and the DNIEPER

Egypt and Russia Forge Ahead with Their Hydro-electric Schemes

Ever since it was completed in 1902 the Assouan Dam has played a vital part in the agricultural well-being of the Nile Valley, but the river at Assouan has never been harnessed electrically, and much potential power has run to waste through the 180 steel sluice-gates. Now the Egyptian Government is to remedy the situation and during the summer contracts worth £10,000,000 will be placed for this power project, and Britain expects to gain a share of them. A London firm, Messrs. Kennedy and Donkin, have been appointed consulting engineers, and it is hoped to start the work not later than October of this year and to complete it by 1951. The first generators should be in operation by 1950. The power developed will reach about 280,000 kilowatts

IN THE FLOOD SEASON AT THE ASSOUAN DAM : When the waters of the Nile thunder through the 180 steel sluice-gates. The capacity of the reservoir behind the dam is 2,420,000,000 cubic metres. The dam was raised in height in 1912 in order to bring about the present capacity

IN THE DAYS OF THE PHARAOHS : An inscription carved on a boulder in the Nile at Assouan, probably to record the height of the waters

On right—**THE RESTORATION OF THE DNIEPER DAM : One of the marvels of modern engineering, which was wrecked to prevent it falling into the hands of the German invaders of Russia in 1941, is now largely restored.** Under the Soviet Union's new Five-Year Plan of Rehabilitation, the output of electric power in 1950 is fixed at a figure 70 per cent. above that of 1940. All the power stations in the former occupied regions are now being restored, and many new stations are under construction. The Soviet declare that the total installed capacity in 1950 should be in the neighbourhood of 22,000,000 kw. It appears that few new dams are to be built at the moment, but the restoration of the Dnieper dam was essential, and in many ways has been regarded as an act of faith, as it was one of the first outstanding engineering successes which the Soviet demonstrated to the world

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

PRINCE OF SPENDTHRIFTS (8).—From that time, when George gave up the Hounds in '47-'48, he made his home principally in London, devoting himself with renewed hopefulness to racing and gambling. There was, indeed, no form of speculation of which he was not a devoted amateur. At cards he played heaviest at Crockford's at the Hazard table, while Crockford's lasted; longest at the Portland whist table with Admiral Rous and General Peel; and with the Admiral, at any rate both at billiards and whist, he was compelled to play for smaller stakes than in other company.

But the City, too, drew him magnetically. Thormanby relates that there was nothing in the world in which he would not dabble, and that he was constantly going into the City to attend to his speculations there. Totally ignorant of finance and economics, he was as much at sea in Threadneedle Street as at the "Corner" of Tattersall's, and he delighted to recount against himself one particular instance of his gambling in commodities.

A friend had tipped him to buy tallow for a rise—"prime yellow." He was then living at Stevens's Hotel in Bond Street, whence he rushed off to Mincing Lane and gave a firm order for uncountable tierces of P.Y.C. "For delivery?" asked the clerk. George, of course, could never admit ignorance. "Delivery, to be sure," he replied.

When, some days later, he was disturbed at breakfast with a message that "the men have come with the tallow," he was quite as pleased as he was surprised to find "Bond Street choked with tallow carts from Oxford Street to Stevens's." The affair added one more "winner" to the long list of inimitable stories with which he delighted the Turf clubmen.

Racing henceforward held undisputed first place in Payne's interest. After owning a racing stable for sixteen years (first of all, as already stated, in partnership with Colonel Bouverie of Delapré), the Magpie jacket had achieved no more notable successes than a few minor handicaps and in 1840 a second in the Oaks to Bentinck's Crucifix with his purchased filly Welfare. It is significant of the policy of this patron of the Turf that, as he saw his filly creeping up on Crucifix, he "added a dozen years to his life." For he stood to win thousands on Crucifix, had backed his own filly for form's sake with a paltry £100, and had been too careless in giving his jockey his "riding instructions." However, luckily Crucifix got home.

Lord Glasgow's bequest of mares, stallions and "yearlings not to be sold but raced" was in a sense an embarrassing one. It came as no surprise, for Payne had for some time managed, in conjunction with General Peel, his benefactor's stable at Enfield, but it committed him for ever to the most expensive of hobbies, and with the exception of Musket, the string gave no early promise of dividends. Musket paid his way for a time, always carrying the Glasgow white and crimson, in compliment to the memory of that unlucky nobleman born to an income of £150,000 a year.

He had his horses trained by the Dillys at Littleton, near Winchester, when his association with Bouverie ended. John Dilly was hardly a good choice for an easy-going master like Payne. He was always in debt and would descend to any expedient to obtain ready money. On one occasion he even shammed dead to get "the price of his funeral" out of his brother, who knew him too well to advance him money while living.

When Dilly went out of business, Payne transferred to George Dockeray's establishment at Epsom with happier results. His next turf partner was Charles Greville, the diarist, and by common consent the association was of the blind leading the blind.

George was wont to make the clubmen rock with stories of Greville's impotent efforts to note the finer points of trials, and Greville sometimes gave practical proof that in his opinion George was easy game for a shrewd judge of a horse.

In 1847 Payne had scored one of his very rare successes on the Turf. In that year a filly named Clementine, which he had against his better judgment bought from Lord Jersey, won him the Thousand Guineas, and that remained, with Glauca's victory in the Cesarewitch, the extent of his achievement during half-a-century as an owner. Save as aforesaid, he never got near winning the Derby, Oaks, Leger or Two Thousand. When Dockeray died, he once more transferred his horses, to Alec Taylor's at Manton, and there they remained till his death.

It would give a wrong idea to suggest that Payne, as owner and backer, as gambler in every form of speculation, was invariably unsuccessful. Once or twice he missed by a hair's breadth quite dazzling recoupments. If Savernake and Pell-Mell had respectively beaten Lord Lyon and Cremorne in the Derbys of those two years, he would have netted £100,000.

But if he lost these dazzling prizes by a doubtful neck, he felt certain that his judgment had not betrayed him, and quite often he was justified in his beliefs. When he won, he won handsomely, and there are records of his pulling off quite a few coups on the Turf and at the card table in sums ranging from £25,000 downwards. The very last Derby he ever saw brought him in a life's fortune for a modest man.

To a certain extent, the years and the moderating influence of his constant crony, blunt old Admiral Rous, had brought him a measure of sense. In '58, his younger brother, Billy, died of the gout at Pitsford Hall and George acquired a share of his portion. He got another £10,000—I am not clear when—under the will of Truefitt, the Bond Street barber.

His finances had been, on the advice of his friends, to some extent stabilised, and he was assured of a modest income, safe from his speculations, which enabled him to live like a gentleman at the little house, No. 10, John Street, Queen Street, Mayfair, where he died, and to travel to his race meetings and his house parties, and to frequent his clubs.

In the last ten years of his life he became an oracle and a legend. The racing world of the day regarded him as the last survivor of the breed which numbered Mytton, Osbaldeston, Mellish, Glasgow, Rodes Milnes, Foley and the rest, with many of whom in his hot youth and hot middle age he had been on terms of intimacy. His own powers as a raconteur kept alive and enhanced the legend of his extravagance and follies, for he was never more funny than when he told a story against himself. From his favourite chair in the Turf Club, or from his seat at the tables in the Portland, he watched the legend grow and fed the flame of rumour with his lively spirit. Whenever old George and the Admiral were playing billiards, the air was thick with their oaths and the room congested with spectators. . . . But his close intimacy with Rous helped to build for him a reputation not easily to be acquired by one whose judgment on the Turf and as an owner had once been a racecourse joke.

PERSONALITIES IN THE THEATRE WORLD

MADELEINE CARROLL SPEAKS FROM RADIO MADRID: The British film-star, who has made so many pictures in Hollywood, addressing Spanish listeners when she arrived recently in Spain to start work on a film depicting the life of Elizabeth of Portugal. Miss Carroll first appeared on the London stage at the Garrick in 1928 as Paulina in a revival of *The Constant Nymph*

JAVANESE DANCERS PAY A VISIT TO LONDON: This party of five women and twelve men has recently arrived in England from Holland to perform some of the thousand-year-old dances of their native Indonesia. These dances have never before been seen in Europe, and in the past, indeed, it was not permitted that they should be performed outside the courts of the Sultans. The dancing has much in common with Siamese dancing, depending to a large extent on complicated postures of the hands, each of which has a symbolic meaning

BEDECKED IN DIAMONDS: Mrs. Lauritz Melchior, wife of the Metropolitan opera singer, wearing some of the magnificent jewellery bought for her by her husband in Germany fifteen years ago. The diamonds were set originally for Princess Anastasia of Russia, wife of Grand Duke Frederick Francis III of Mecklenburg and a cousin of Tsar Alexander II. Mrs. Melchior's dresses are designed to accord with the jewellery, and she is seen in this picture in a gown of black taffeta cut square at the neck-line. Around this neck-line she pins the three big flower-sprays, each of which has a detachable flower-clip which may be worn separately. The long black sleeves set off the gems in the bracelets. The twin necklaces are sunk into platinum settings

NOW VISITING LONDON: A charming, recent study of Marjorie Lawrence, the distinguished Australian soprano of the Metropolitan Opera, New York, who has just completed a tour of the West Coast of the United States. Some years ago Miss Lawrence was struck down by infantile paralysis, but she is making a remarkable recovery

A PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS

Descends on the Island of Sardinia and is Fought with Flame-throwers

LOCUSTS MASSED IN A TRAP : Insects caught in their initial stage of development before they were ready to fly off and create further havoc among the crops in the Sardinian countryside

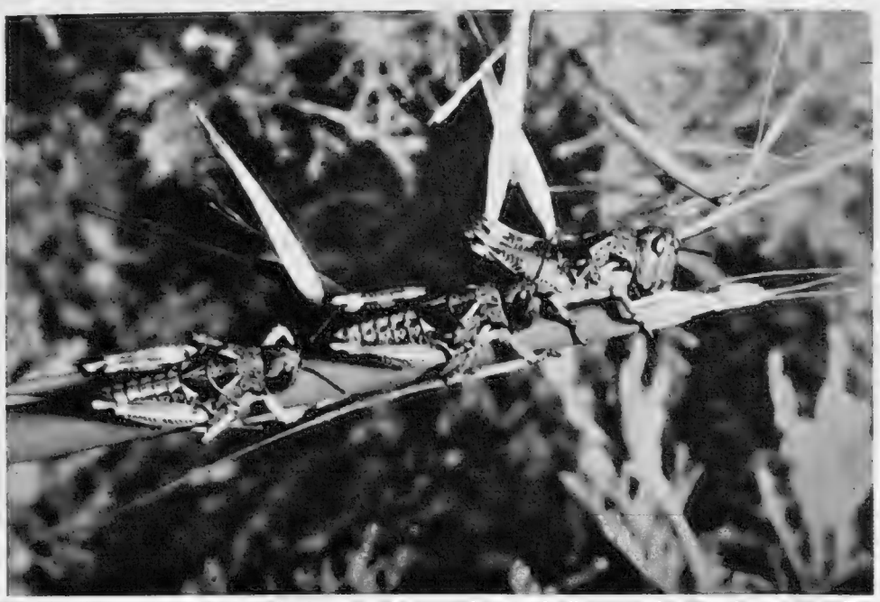
A BOY AMONG THE LOCUSTS : A young Sardinian standing in a locust trap during the islanders' drive to keep down the pest. They chose early spring for the attack to safeguard the 1946 crops, but they have not prevented the menace from spreading to the mainland

BOUND FOR PASTURES NEW : Young locusts (known as hoppers before the development of their wings) crossing a road in the plague-ridden district of Sardinia, where an attempt has been made to eliminate them with flame-throwers and other devices. Even before they can fly the immature locusts march steadily across the countryside eating as they go

THE FLAME-THROWERS GO INTO ACTION : Attempting to burn out the young locusts in open country in Sardinia before the insects had time to develop their wings. Another method of extermination is by the use of poisoned bait, and this has proved effective in South Africa

THE VILLAGERS MARCH : Sardinians, young and old, on the way to the locust-infested area with flame-throwing equipment provided by U.N.R.R.A. Two older citizens ride on donkeys

In a world beset with feeding problems pest control becomes a subject of more vital concern than ever, and the locust, that menace to the crops in warmer lands, is picked out for special attention by the scientists of U.N.R.R.A. These pictures, taken on the island of Sardinia, illustrate the effort that has been made to eliminate young locusts with flame-throwers. It has not proved completely successful, and U.N.R.R.A. now report that locusts have invaded the Italian mainland at Viterbo, thirty-five miles from Rome



THE VILLAINS OF THE PIECE : A close-up of young locusts feeding on the growing crops. For many years the problem of their extermination has taxed the ingenuity of scientists, poison bait, flame-throwers and D.D.T. powder sprayed from aeroplanes all having proved effective only to a limited degree

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

FIFTEEN YEARS IN THE LIFE OF "ESA SENORA"

A Great and Mysterious Spanish Lady is the Central Figure in Kate O'Brien's Imaginative New Novel

THERE was a lady in the reign of Philip II of Spain who came of a great family and whose history was curiously related to his. THAT LADY (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.) was known by reference as "Esa Senora" in Philip's day, and "Esa Senora" is the sub-title of Miss Kate O'Brien's brilliant evocation of her story, although the writer claims for it that it is not an historical novel, but an invention "arising from reflection on the curious external story of Ana de Mendoza and Philip II of Spain." The period covered is fifteen years in the life of this great and mysterious lady, from 1577 to 1592, when she died, and it is a romantic and at the same time terrible interpretation of an episode in history which has never been explained.

Philip of Spain had personally arranged Ana's marriage to his Secretary of State, the Duke of Pastrana, and the marriage had been happy. At the time when Miss O'Brien's story opens, Ana, daughter of Castile's proudest family, is a widow at thirty-six and lives contentedly on her country estates. To her on a visit comes the King. Gossip had always said that she had been his mistress, but although Philip's tortuous mind had sometimes found pleasure in the thought that, but for his affection for her husband, gossip might have been justified, there was, in fact, no truth in it. It gives him a curious sort of satisfaction to believe that this remarkable woman really places him first in her affections since her husband's death. His pleasure is a subtle one, for nothing about Philip is without complications.

Now he urges her to return to Madrid and to take back her place in society. He still feels the old comforting refreshment and happiness in her company, and although his friendship is more demanding than outward appearances indicate, Ana knows how to handle the situation without strain. She is a tall, slender woman, not generally considered beautiful, her unusual and distinguished appearance made more unusual by the black patch she has worn ever since she lost an eye, when, as a child, she had fought a duel with a page. She has all the arrogance and complete authority of her class, and something else which endears her to her servants and particularly to her duenna, who is devoted to her.

Installed once more in her palace in Madrid, gossip revives the old story of Ana's relationship with the King, and she is reckoned the most powerful woman in Spain. Philip's Minister of State, Antonio Perez, pays a formal call and both are astonished to discover a mutual attraction; almost as a whim, she becomes his mistress, which is the prelude to a mad infatuation on his side, a hopeless love on hers. From then on Ana's story turns to bitter tragedy, though she continues to behave with her own exquisite dignity through imprisonment, loneliness, humiliation and torturing illness to her last months of unimaginable suffering.

As Miss O'Brien writes of her she has the quality and magic of an El Greco painting, and in spite of all the mounting terror that Philip's twisted jealousy instils, her story, as it is set down in this work of imagination, is magnificent with a beauty of its own.

THE RISE OF HENRY MORCAR (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) is as sound and solid a novel as the Yorkshire woollens which play so big a part in it, but I doubt whether it will have their lasting qualities. When Miss Phyllis Bentley writes of her native county she is always at her best, and the integrity of her construction and the development of her characters admirably suit their setting. The present book is the story of a man's life, and his rise is not only a financial one of the classic poor-boy-makes-good variety but an ethical one which lies in his transition from capitalist to socially-conscious employer.

Morcar begins as a mill-hand when still a schoolboy with the responsibility of supporting his mother, and he rises to the ownership of his own textile mills. Unlike many of his dour prototypes, Morcar's genius is not only in his organising abilities or in the courage that carries him through, but in his talent for design and colouring, and it is this artistic sensibility that eventually prepares the reader for the change of heart that makes him not only a man capable of planning for his workers' welfare, but a man who is romantically in love with a beautiful and unattainable woman. That part of the story concerned with the war sometimes tends to evoke too clearly the wearisome restrictions and trials of the last six years. It even catches a little of that dullness. But, as I say, this is a sound story and Miss Bentley's faithful public will not be disappointed.

ELIZABETH GOUDGE AT HER DEVON HOME: The well-known novelist and writer of children's stories seen with a young journalist friend outside Providence Cottage at Westerland, near Paignton. Miss Goudge, it will be remembered, won the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer prize of £33,000 for the best novel of the year in 1944, "Green Dolphin Country," and now everything she writes sells out on publication. She has recently finished a new book for children, "The Little White House," which has its setting in the Devonshire of 100 years ago

Anne of Cleves was the fourth of Henry's discarded wives but the only one who retained Henry's friendship after divorce. She was a practical woman, a good housekeeper and a good listener, and she became a true friend to his family, a kind of universal Tudor aunt. Mrs. Margaret Campbell Barnes tells her story in MY LADY OF CLEVES (MacDonald. 9s. 6d.) with a sympathy that might almost be accounted bias, and in a colloquial style which occasionally grates but which is unfailingly lively.

When Henry the Eighth sent his Court painter Holbein to make the portrait of the two daughters of the House of Cleves, no one foresaw that Holbein himself would fall in love with the plainer of the two, or would endow his miniature of her with such qualities that Henry chose her unreservedly as his bride on seeing it. His disillusion at their meeting was more her tragedy than his, and a contrived divorce sent her into retirement while he turned to beautiful Katherine Seymour.

But the retirement of Anne of Cleves was made to her own pattern, and to his surprise Henry found himself, after his repudiation of her, on terms of close and even respectful friendship. It is an engaging story, and Mrs. Barnes's chatty, domestic turn of phrase is not ill-suited to it.

The most moving book of the week is DETOUR (Falcon Press. 12s. 6d.), for this is the story of the German prison camp Oflag IVC, and it consists of accounts, some of them quite brief and all of them touching, tragic or heroic, written by the prisoners themselves. Together they make up what is sometimes an intolerably vivid picture of the most "escape-minded" prison of all. The volume is edited by Lieut. J. E. R. Wood, M.C., of the Royal Canadian Engineers, and the many drawings, most of them made in camp, are by Lieut. J. F. Watton, of the Border Regiment.

The book, as would be expected, has the blessing of Field-Marshal Lord Chetwode, Lord Addison, and the four Dominion High Commissioners, each of whom has contributed a foreword. I cannot do better than quote from Lord Chetwode's. He writes: ". . . the real reason [for the men's spirit] lay in the moral strength of the men themselves. The way in which they rose superior to all hardships and disappointments is strikingly indicated in these portraits of them as well as in the letterpress. After studying it, one feels almost sorry for their gaoler."

There are two welcome additions to the series of "Britain in Pictures" this week, the first of which is BRITISH GARDEN FLOWERS (Collins. 4s. 6d.), in which Mr. George M. Taylor is responsible for the letterpress and the illustrations are of their usual quality, although one of the coloured plates, opposite page 40, I thought a little sour in tone. Reasonably, Mr. Taylor opens his discourse with a few words about our climate, of which he writes that, bad as it may occasionally be—and I applaud the restraint of his "occasionally"—it suits the constitution of nearly all the plants from the temperate zones of the world, the secret being that our islands are set in the middle of windy but iceless seas. The rose, our national flower, may not originally have been a native of this country but a product of France, brought to its greatest beauty in this country. The dahlia is a native of Mexico, but the little pink has a British ancestry, as British as the Sweet William.

For the rest of the more familiar flowers which we see in our gardens, they can be traced back to North America, to Siberia and Tibet, to Holland, to Germany, to Italian monasteries and to Chile. Like many of the books in the series, this little volume is one to keep on your own bookshelves. TREES IN BRITAIN (Collins. 4s. 6d.) has been written by Mr. Alexander L. Howard, who makes a very forcible plea for the replanting of our woods. The illustrations here are from contemporary prints and from the paintings and crayon drawings of Constable, Cotman and Gainsborough.

SHROUDED IN ANONYMITY: At Idbury, a tiny village among the Cotswolds, near Kingham, a tree has been planted near the church and behind it a roughly-hewn stone, set in a typical Cotswold wall, bears the inscription: "This tree is planted in grateful memory of a Canadian airman." On the stone there is no record of the name of the airman who gave his life, nor of that of the person or persons remembering him

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What healths were drunk! What impromptus lost to the world does Beaumont hint at in

What things have seen
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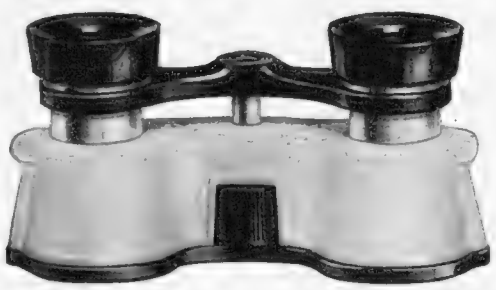

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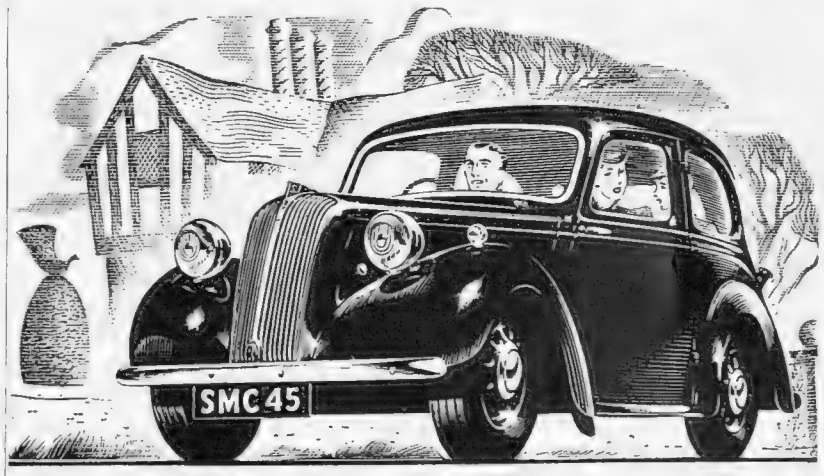

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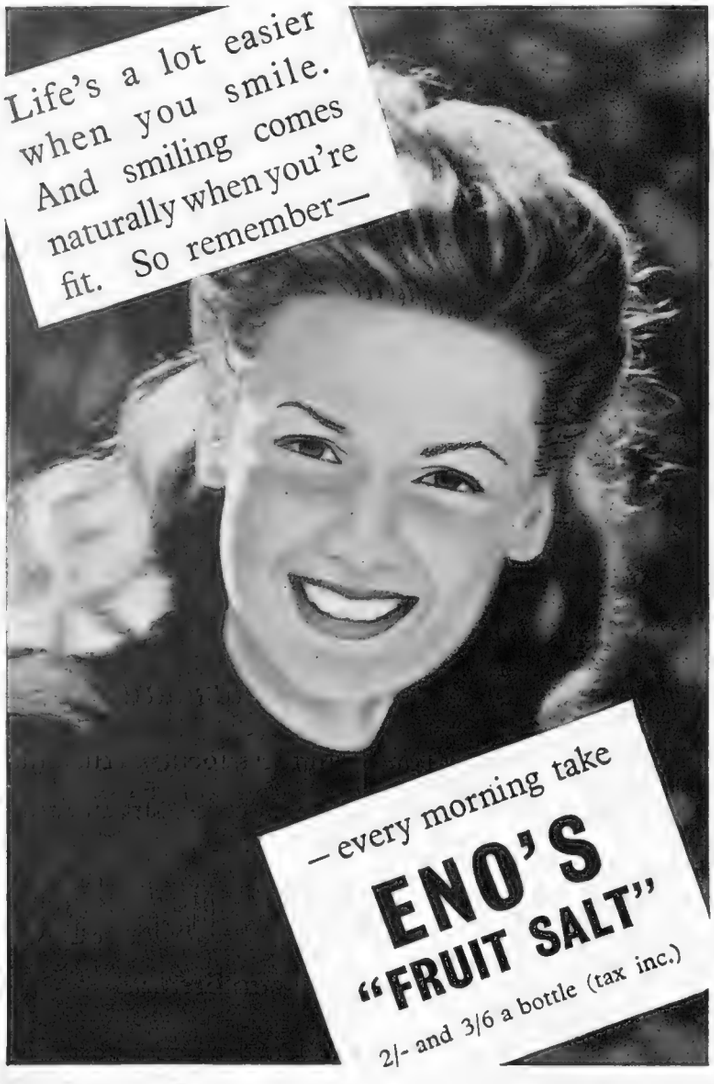

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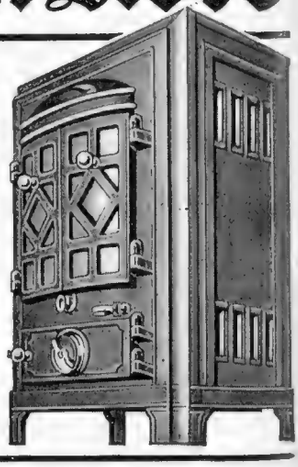

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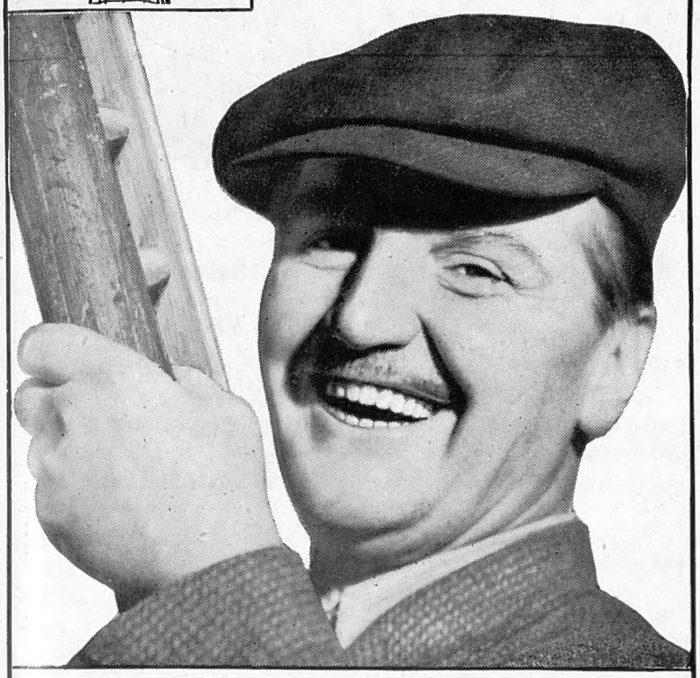

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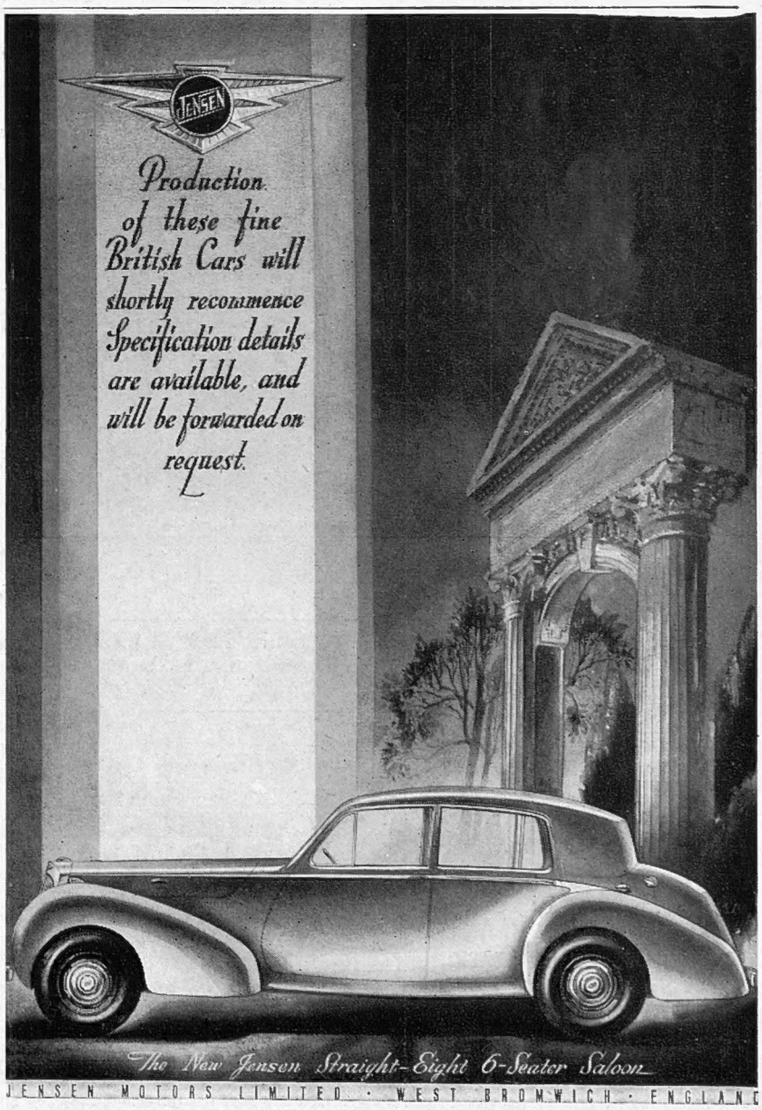

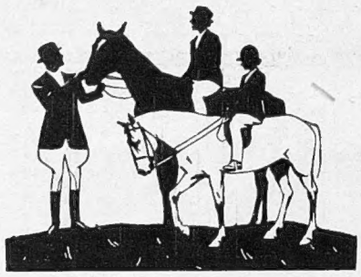

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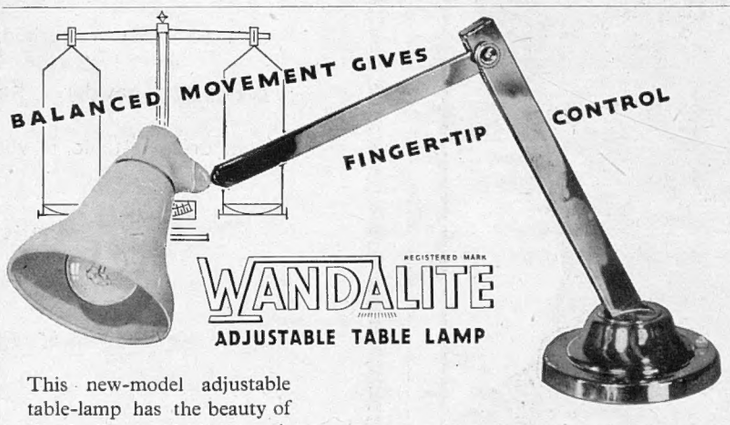

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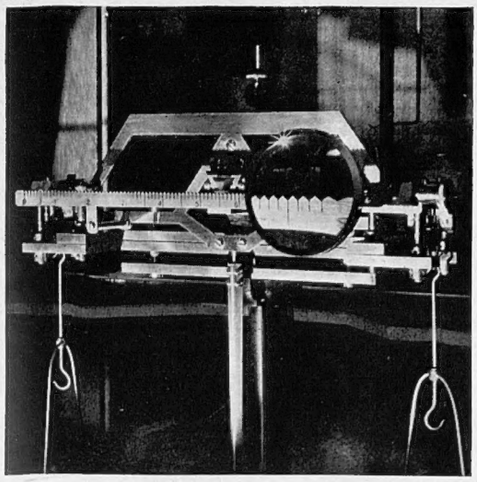

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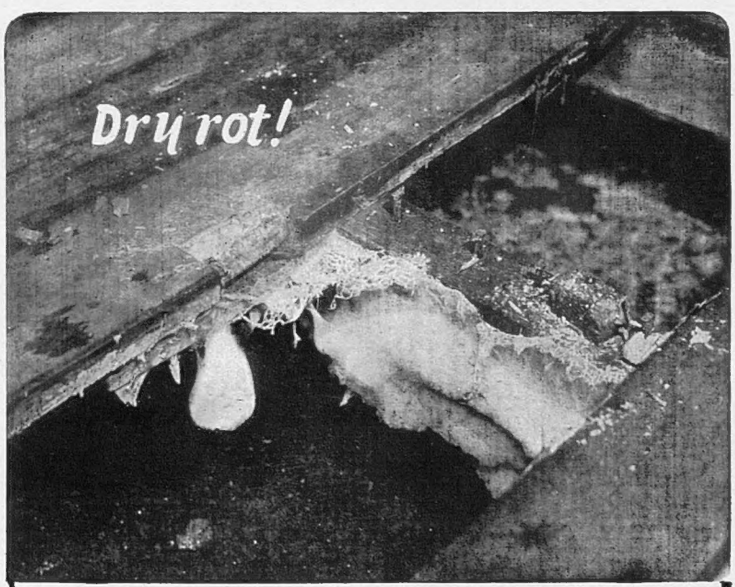

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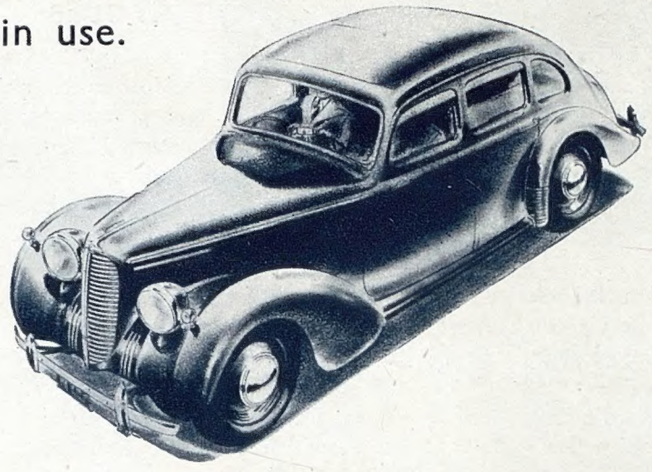

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